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*L. 1829*

# PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

H. C. DEAKIN, ESQ.

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WILLIAM MARSH, OXFORD STREET.

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## PREFACE.

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IT is after much hesitation that I presume to offer these trifling Poems to the Public; I have reason to have many fears for them; but should they afford an hour's amusement to my Reader, I shall be both gratified and amply recompensed for the natural nervousness every Author must, or at least ought to feel, not only in his first, but in every production he ushers into the world. It is the practice of some authors, by an affection of frankness and a half-anticipating



condemnation of themselves in initio, to attempt to disarm the wrath of the critic and the irreverence of the Reader ; I humbly beg to be excused doing either—it would be an overweening piece of superciliousness—a species of mock modesty—a Harlot attired in the garments of Innocence “ *Malo indisertam prudentiam, quam loquacem stultitiam.*” Faults, omissions, indiscretions, presumptuousness, and all other errors and ignorances, are my own ; and should they merit castigation, I, the Author, am alone deserving of the punishment. One vanity or rather hope I must plead guilty to—viz. that there is not a sentiment in this humble production of the Muse, which sins against either morality or good feelings ; and it is with this moral confidence that I have the honour of concluding my Preface to the Public.

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# **PORTRAITS OF THE DEAD!**

**AND OTHER POEMS.**

**PART I.**



E D I T H.

---

'Twas eve! brightly and broadly gave  
The Sun his last look on the wave,  
Which, by reflection, back was given  
In golden splendour unto heaven.  
His shadows, that like clouds had hung  
The woods and flowery vales among,  
Melted like morning mists away,  
Recall'd to pall the dying day;  
Slowly beneath th' horizon's line  
He sunk with all his lights divine;

Yet, ere he sought the shades below,  
He gave the heavens a crimson glow,  
The colouring of his last sad sigh,  
To tell how much he loved his sky ;  
A spell to cheer her state forlorn,  
A token of return at morn.  
And oh ! how deeply fond she blush'd,  
In that still hour when all was hush'd,  
And scarce one solitary breeze  
Stirr'd the green drapery of the trees ;  
The hectic of her heart spread round  
Her blushes over the profound,  
And o'er her features waning pale,  
She drew the twilight's dreamy veil,  
Gemm'd with ten thousand jewels rare,  
And in her glossy raven hair



A golden thing of light she placed,  
Too beautiful to be erased  
From Memory's bower,—an orb of gold ;  
Cloudless and gloriously it roll'd ;  
And near it was a lesser gem,  
Sparkling like jewell'd diadem ;  
The gleaming clouds reposed above,  
Like spiritual shrines of bliss and love ;  
Yet some as wild and broken were  
As avalanches toss'd in air.  
On earth the solemn winds were still,  
Obedient unto Nature's will,  
Who placed her plastic seal that hour  
On wood and water, vale and flower ;  
For, like a sentinel, each tree  
Stood stirless in tranquillity,



And every wave in quiet sleep  
Lay moveless on its silver deep ;  
And every vale with dew was weeping,  
A hush'd and holy silence keeping ;  
And every flower its fragrant bud  
Was bathing in the milky flood,  
Yet still its treasured odour came  
Sweet as a virgin's kiss of flame,  
When pledged and pledging, smiles and tears  
Mingle with love's quick hopes and fears.—  
Upon this eve, amidst the gloom,  
Came Edith to her mother's tomb ;  
Night and the shades but seem'd to her  
Her parent's larger sepulchre :  
The stillness of the calm surrounding,  
The hum of silence scarcely sounding,

Save when the white owl took its flight,  
Startling the solemn ear of Night,  
Were unto her more grateful sent  
Than tones of day-break merriment.  
'Tis true, the songs of morn are sweet  
As mirth of children when they meet ;  
Yet ah ! they bring a vain relief  
To heart, young heart, oppress'd with grief ;  
For the heart then, with grief o'erflowing,  
Is like a lonely night-flower blowing,—  
It will not let its pale tears fall  
Midst the gay morning smiles of all :  
But the cold Night Star and the cloud  
Is Grief's own lamp and Grief's own shroud ;  
So Edith deem'd, and dared to brave  
The darkness of her mother's grave !

*Mother !* Oh how that name endears !  
The fondest that affection rears ;  
The heart's most precious jewel-stone,  
Bright when all brightness else is gone ;  
One sunbeam through a stormy sky,  
Loved image of the heart and eye.  
Back rolls the hurrying tide of years,  
My bark is borne on childhood's tears ;  
Yet duty ne'er the thought can smother,  
The helm was guided by my mother.  
Was I not like an early flower,  
Born where dark storms do oft intrude,  
And took she not me to her bower,  
Cherish'd and warm'd her infant bud ?  
Oft as her glance upon me fell,  
She look'd a look unspeakable :



But being a father now, I own  
That look's unutterable tone,  
That deep intensity of thought,  
With all the opening future fraught ;  
Hopes bright as morning's brightest beam,  
Fears turbid as a wintry stream,  
And oh, to drown the anxious care,  
The silence of a mother's prayer !  
How many a sleepless hour has she  
Watch'd o'er my cradled infancy !  
Ah ! taught she not my lips to speak,  
Sustain'd my limbs when they were weak ;  
And when I gave her cause to frown,  
Smiled she not sweet forgiveness down ?  
Oh hours unsullied by a stain,  
Ye never can return again !

Back, Memory, back—roll back thy shroud,  
That clothes thee like a gloomy cloud,  
And in thine agony declare  
How ill thou hast repaid her care.  
With clasped hand and bended knee,  
In deep, in bitter agony,  
I call on thee, O Heaven! to seal  
The sorrow that I ceaseless feel ;  
For though I 've sinn'd, ay, many a time,  
'Twas more in folly than in crime—  
O God, this sad confession take,  
And bless me for my mother's sake !

There is a white tomb 'neath the shade  
By an old solemn yew-tree made—  
Its branches seem by Heaven but fed  
To canopy with gloom the dead ;



And that pale tablet in the night  
Looks like a glow-worm, starry bright ;  
A form too is beside it there,  
Some statue of the Dead beneath,  
Kneeling in attitude of prayer,  
And in its hand a flowery wreath  
Of rosemary and sweet-briar green ;  
But ah ! that imaged thing hath breath,  
Quick beats the bosom's billowy screen,  
The small thin hands are moving now,  
To Heaven is raised the pallid brow,  
And the lip quivers like a leaf,  
And the wet cheek grows white with grief,  
For tears the eye unconscious showers  
Freshly as night dew on the flowers ;  
And hark ! amidst the silence stealing,  
A low sweet holy voice revealing

Its solemn tones—deeply they come,  
Prayer-like ascending from the tomb.  
And then softly as twilight falls  
Over the green wood's leafy halls,  
Yet tender as the breeze that flings  
Its witchery round the Æolean strings,  
The music of her heart came forth,  
Blended with sorrow at its birth.  
That voice methinks I've heard before,—  
Once heard, ah ! heard for evermore !  
That brow that now again is bent  
Towards that moon-clad monument  
Is Edith's !—Edith's tears that lave  
The silence of her mother's grave !

Sweet mourner of the midnight hour !  
The dew is sleeping in the flower,



The bird's within its leafy nest,  
Why seek'st thou not thy bower of rest?  
Alas! she loves the thickening gloom  
That shrouds her mother's quiet tomb;  
She loves to weep and watch and pray  
The holy hours of eve away.

“Oh Mother! calmly dost thou keep  
Thy slumbers in thy narrow cell,  
Whilst I in hopeless vigils weep  
O'er thee I could not love too well.  
I weep! why weep I thus in vain?  
It will not bring thee back to me:  
Could weeping bring thee back again,  
I'd weep till tears there could not be.



The Sun upon his eastern throne  
Looks not more brightly down on earth,  
Than thou, dear lost departed one,  
Didst look upon my happy birth ;—  
'Twas happy then, but now no more :  
My heart is like a sunless shore ;  
A tideless sea is beating there,  
A breathless, comfortless despair.  
The world *was* beautiful, and may  
Be lovely still to many another,  
Who with glad prayer and praise may say,  
I thank thee, Heaven, thou 'st spared my mother !  
The flowers were bright as still they are,  
Rich in their colour and perfume,  
And brightly burns the Evening Star  
Over my mother's marble tomb.



Yet care not I for starry hour,  
It gilds not now my mother's bower ;  
And for the flower I feel no zest,  
It blooms not on my mother's breast ;  
For flowers and stars but make more clear  
The desolation I feel here :  
They bloom, they burn, and but impart  
Fresh sorrow to my rifled heart.  
Ye gorgeous lights of day, adieu !  
To you I bid a long farewell,  
Ye smiling skies of sapphire hue,  
Ye wood and mountain, grove and dell,  
Ye happy birds with spreading plume,  
Toying with breezes and perfume,  
Ye emerald meadows spreading bright,  
Beneath the Orient's eye of light,

Thou lustrous stream whose wave unbars  
Its ripples like a flight of stars,  
Upon whose banks so oft I 've stroll'd,  
Watching thy waters as they roll'd,  
Sweeping and sighing day by day  
Into eternity away.

And ye, sweet friends, so dearly loved,  
So often tried and often proved,  
Like desert fountains bright and fair,  
Cherish'd because ye were so rare—  
Adieu to ye, adieu to all !

I seek my mother's marble hall.  
To me this world is dark and drear,  
Is not Grief's sternest record here ?  
The orb that made the flowers look bright,  
The moon that lit the skies of night,

The all-dispensing charm whose birth  
Made all things blest to me on earth ?  
That charm is broken,—feeling fades,  
Affection seeks the silent shades ;  
I feel no summer in my breast,  
No bower of peace, no home of rest ;  
Like the freed dove, I back return  
To this my ark, my mother's urn.  
O heart ! there is a world divine  
Within thy sobbing shatter'd shrine ;  
And ah ! to cleave its opening skies  
How hard thy broken spirit tries !  
A few dim clouds still intervene  
To shroud thee from the blessed scene ;  
They soon will fade, and thou wilt gaze  
Rejoicing on its stainless face.

There, mother, wilt thou see thy child,  
Smile on her as thou erst hast smiled ;  
Around her fold thy Seraph wing,  
Triumphant teach her soul to sing  
Hymns to the mighty and the free  
Who led her up to Heaven and thee !”

O'er the deep sea as whispers come  
Through the pale twilight's deep'ning gloom,  
Making the heart all ear to seize  
Those solemn sounding mysteries,  
And pausing when they 're caught,—again  
Came Edith's melancholy strain.  
Then all was silent,—nought was heard,  
Not e'en the eve's entrancing bird  
Harping unto the midnight moon ;

But that deep stillness when the sense  
Of it is its own eloquence.

The stars were silent in the sky,  
For the far music of their spheres,  
Save in some Zephyr's mournful sigh,  
Was only heard by Angel ears.

A zone of clouds was gathering round  
The radiance of the Huntress Queen,  
Huge pallid piles of foam that bound  
Her shiver'd rays of glory in ;  
Earth look'd one vast and gloomy frown,  
A mighty sepulchre of death ;  
Or king shorn of his jewell'd crown,  
Holding for very fear his breath.  
The little glowworm here and there  
Was all the light on earth below,

Like one hope 'midst the heart's despair,  
One star amidst a world of woe.  
The soul grew even sick to feel  
The darkness that unto it clung,  
And like a drunken wretch to reel  
Beneath the fears that on it sprung.  
Yet nothing came to break the dread  
Dark stillness of the torpid earth ;  
Alas ! had Edith's spirit fled  
To bowers of bliss and holy mirth ?  
Had her pale spirit taken wing  
On the last star's retiring ray,  
Where her rose lips as sweetly sing  
In Heaven as any Seraph's may ?  
Closer unto her mother's tomb,  
Led by the whiteness of her vest,



Slowly I wander'd through the gloom,  
And lo ! upon her pulseless breast,  
Along the frigid marble's face,  
Lay Edith's lifeless form of grace.  
Her thin small hands were clasped there,  
As in the very act of prayer ;  
There her lost mother's grave beside,  
The mourner, broken-hearted, died !  
Her tears had revell'd o'er the stone,  
Her prayers had gone to Heaven alone.  
As withers the flower where its life was given,  
Though its incensè ascends on sighs to Heaven,  
Her birdlike spirit had sought its rest,  
And nestled again on its mother's breast :  
Through cloudless skies which no whirlwind mars,  
Through oceans of glory and worlds of stars,



Her spirit had sprung through those regions vast,  
And attain'd its haven of hope at last.  
O blest one and bright one, farewell unto thee !  
The thoughts of the past are like storms on the sea,  
But the future it soothes my sad heart with its balm,  
And my soul is at rest like the sea in a calm.

O Edith ! can I e'er forget  
That bright blue eye of thine,  
Like heaven's own deepest blue, and yet  
Than heaven's far more divine ?  
Can I forget the tressy shrine,  
The tressy shrine that zoned it in ?  
Who ever on it could incline  
His look, nor feel estranged from sin ?  
Can I forget the golden hair  
That hung like sunset clouds around



Thy brow, as gentle twilight fair  
Or its horizon's silver bound ?  
Ah no ! I linger on them still,  
And on thy red lip's magic words,  
Sweet as the sparkling, rippling rill,  
Or music of the morning birds :  
I linger as the laden bee  
Will linger on its favourite flower,  
And oft recall the endearing glee  
That has beguiled me many an hour.  
Oh I would wander through and through  
This great round world, however lone,  
Could I once more but gaze on you,  
And drink the magic of thy tone.  
Oh I did measure time and space  
By the sweet memory of thee,

Now—Past the Future does but trace  
With desolate tranquillity:  
For all that could adorn and bless  
This heartless world's unfeeling round,  
Was thy unconscious loveliness,  
Thy twin lip's small and silver sound.  
Now thou art in that silent bourne  
Where all must go and none return ;  
And all thy beauty does but seem  
The vision of a distant dream,  
The sunset of an eve gone by,  
Forgotten at morn's brilliancy.  
Oh ! I will roam when stars are bright,  
Looking a love we find not here,  
And in their beauty seek delight  
And worship each ascending sphere ;  
For there is nought 'neath yon blue sky  
*Yon jewell'd canopy above,*



Reminds me like those stars on high,  
Of thy pure brilliancy and love.

It was unearthly, yet of earth ;  
Most heavenly, yet not heavenly all ;  
Its shrine had perishable birth,  
Like Eve's first moment of her fall :  
Yet ah ! its essence was all Heaven,  
An emanation pure, refined,  
By God unto his creatures given,  
To purify the immortal mind,  
And make it, spite of earthly tie,  
Bright image of Divinity.

Edith, I'll weave a song for thee

    In melancholy hours,  
When twilight veileth land and sea  
    With visionary powers ;  
In a solemn mournful mood,  
I'll sing of thee in solitude.

Adieu !—it is a word that tells  
Thou hast been where thou art not now ;  
Life still for me may have some spells,  
Brightness may still array my brow.—  
Farewell ! within thy mother's tomb  
Thy ashes mingle with her own ;  
Too happy in thy sinless doom,  
'Twere crime to grieve that thou art gone.  
Sleep ! for the dust lies light on thee,  
Child of the dim Futurity !

## BERTRAM MORRISON,

### THE MUTINEER.

FAIR rose the morn, the laughing sky appear'd  
Like a bright beauty deck'd with sunny smiles ;  
A golden tide roll'd down the mountain sides,  
A golden garment clothed the vales below,  
A golden line of light the river shone,  
And the green woods seem'd cased in branched gold ;  
The Orb of day with measured pomp uprear'd  
His regal brow endiadem'd with light ;  
His myriad pursuivants in radiant files  
Unroll'd his banner'd splendour on the world,

Whilst countless heralds ope'd their feather'd throats  
And sung his praises to the Earth. High rose  
The Forest's anthem and the Valley's hymn ;  
Yet higher far, in pride of plume unmatched,  
Sprung the proud eagle on the golden gale,  
Careering to the skies. It was a morn  
Of beauty so divine, there might have been  
A holiday in Heaven, and saints have come  
To gaze upon its glories :—blue and bright,  
The dainty flowers their cheeks of bloom disclosed,  
Within whose honey founts the charmed bee  
Was revelling delighted ;—far away,  
Up the hill-side, the scatter'd mist dispersed,  
Flying to secret haunts and solemn shades,  
Pallid attendant of the Evening hour.  
All was the Morn's ! a glorious splendour hung

Like a transparency from east to west ;  
A thousand murmurs fill'd the perfumed gale,  
Murmurs of morning ; murmurs from the stream,  
Holding sweet converse with the enamell'd stones ;  
Murmurs from forests swinging in the breeze,  
Murmurs from mountain tops and vales below,  
One universal outgushing of glee !

What muffled tone was that struck on the air,  
Making the heart pause in its beat of joy ?  
Ah ! why should discord in an hour like this  
Ruffle the harmony of morning's prime ?  
E'en as a shadow steals across the sun  
Stole that deep tone upon the startled ear—  
Again with intermittent sound it comes  
Booming upon the breeze—hush, hush ! ye choir,  
Nor mingle sweet songs with the notes of woe !



Nearer and nearer come the muffled tones ;  
Then suffocating silence intervenes,  
That silence where the heart and ear both strive  
For mastership o'er breathlessness—again !  
It is the drum ! the deep death-rolling drum,  
Sounding at intervals ; and now appear,  
With drooping banners and with measured tread,  
A warrior band ! Onwards the foremost come,  
And then a space ensues. Who's he,  
Who to the doleful music stately treads  
With military step ? His form is full  
Of youthful grace, and strength arrays his limbs ;  
His pallid brow, bent towards the green grass turf,  
Seems crowded with sad thoughts ; and his dark eye,  
Though rolling with a proud and rapid glance,

As gloomy looks as day close upon night.  
Him closely following a raven pall,  
Covering a coffin, cloudlike slowly moves,  
Hovering like sable vulture near its prey ;  
And on its lid a sheathless sabre lies  
Shivering the sunbeams, and beside a helm  
And harmless carbine ; close behind is led  
A horse caparison'd and riderless,  
Unconscious why no warrior sways the rein ;  
Then a long file of veteran brows appear  
Closing the march,—the sad, the solemn march.  
Alas ! that youthful brow of grief I know,  
'Tis Bertram Morrison's, the mutineer !  
Who on this beauteous morn must learn to die  
And lift his scatter'd thoughts from earth to Heaven.

O that ere manly vigour should be ta'en  
From the blue skies, the glorious light of day !  
No more to draw the sweet breath of the flowers,  
To watch the bright bird cleave the lingering gale,  
To gaze upon the majesty of rocks,  
The rush of rivers ; list the whimpering brook  
That feeds the purple vale ; no more to see  
The mighty woods bathe their broad leafy boughs  
In seas of golden sunlight ; ne'er again  
To look upon the witcheries of heaven ;  
To watch the stars feeding their urns of light,  
The orbid huntress with her diamond wings  
Melt through the clouds and light up heaven and earth  
And ah ! no more to listen to the sound  
Of human voices ! Oh, it makes one weep  
To think how oft the lamp of life dries up



Scarcely ignited ; joy and sorrow come  
Like lights and shadows o'er a Summer's sky,  
Cradled together ; blight and bloom are born  
In the same bud, and poisons are compress'd  
From flowers of fairest hue. Oh ! tell me not  
Of the calm beauties of the gladsome hours :  
Night follows day, and grief was born with joy,  
And life and death from the same seed came forth.

Ah ! Bertram Morrison, unhappy youth !  
Thy daybeam was unclouded, and thy east  
Was clad with light unsullied ; thou didst rise  
Within thy parent's sight as brave a boy  
As ere burst into noble manhood ; thou,  
Pale fleshy portraiture of bony death,  
Where, where is now thy glance of sinless pride ?

Where those innocent smiles that lit thy cheeks  
With crimson bashfulness ? Oh awful hour !  
That manly brow is bent towards the earth—  
The fair green earth thou ne'er shalt see again.  
Sad memory's dewy portal, thy dark eye  
Rolls rayless o'er the swift receding turf ;  
Yet noble art thou in thy desolation,  
And with a soldier's firm and steady step  
Thou to the death-march paceth ; yet in spite  
Of that proud bearing is thy heaving heart  
Rack'd with deep thought and pangs unutterable.  
Is there no vale garmented with green woods  
And carpeted with flowers, no babbling brook  
That rolls its merry stainless stream along,  
On whose green banks a tranquil cottage stands,  
Where the climatis and the woodbine twine

Their arms affectionately? Is there no girl,  
No rosy cheek'd, blue-eyed retiring girl,  
Embower'd within, for thought to dwell upon ?  
Alas! Death, ay, ten thousand deaths were sweet  
In suffering, compared to parting pangs ;  
And Bertram's pallid lip is quivering now—  
The index of his agitated soul,  
For he is thinking of that purple vale,  
Of that white cottage and that gentle girl,  
Her whom he left and loved in happier days.  
Deep rolls the tide in his tumultuous heart,  
And the sweat falls from off his arid brows  
Like thunder-drops ; yet 'tis not fear of death ;  
A soldier's fears aught else, but never death.  
No, 'tis the agony of bitter thoughts,  
Dark congregated thoughts of hopes and fears,

Of expectations blighted, and of love  
Withered for ever; and e'en bitterer still,  
To die a death, a mark'd disgraceful death,  
His good name sullied, and his youthful brow  
Branded with dark dishonour! But 'tis o'er;  
And as a dove its white wings folds for rest,  
His spirit broods upon the clouds of heaven.

Now pause they in their march, and slowly form  
A space three-sided, and the coffin rests  
Upon the turf, and on that coffin kneels  
The Mutineer! How sobb'd each gazer's heart!  
Yet all was still—a speechless sultry silence,  
Such as precedes the summer's livid storms  
Ere rolls the deluge down; it was the hush,  
The awful hush of death; you might have heard  
Your neighbour's beating heart, and also mark'd



Its quick pulsations on his varying brow.  
It was a moment of all eye, all ear,  
As if within the orb'd sight alone  
All sense, all feeling, and all life were fix'd,  
The rest mere frozen matter pedestall'd there,  
He knelt him down upon the coffin's lid ;  
And clasping his pale hands raised high to Heaven,  
For the first time his brow, his bloodless lips  
Stirr'd like the white leaves of the ash when they  
Are moved by the breeze ; a little while  
He lifted his low prayers above, and then  
Stooping his brow upon his panting breast,  
Shutting his eyes for ever on the world,  
And pointing where his spirit would be free,  
The signal gave, and died !

Oh ! what a shriek



Rent the blue welkin when the crashing tubes  
Shower'd the death shots! Oh! what a shriek arose  
From lips that had been sealed up till then,  
Then paused as suddenly; and there he lay,  
Canopied by the cloud of curling smoke,  
A lifeless form, a mass of crimson dust.  
Was there no hand to wash his shatter'd brow  
And spread the white shroud o'er his whiter limbs?  
There came an old and grey-hair'd man from out  
That mournful crowd; he knelt him down beside  
The fresh-made corpse and kiss'd its bloody brow,  
And looking up to Heaven, exclaimed, "My Son!"

## CURTIUS.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori."

HOR.

THERE is deep woe in Rome ; and many a brow,  
Pallid with fear, starts from the red sun's glow ;  
Gloriously vast he lifts his lordly light,  
Yet few dare gaze upon his dazzling sight.  
Breathless the breeze, but murmurs deep have told  
A nation's mystery words could not unfold.  
Mark ye each quivering lip and anxious gaze,  
The fearful flushes of th' averted face ?  
Mark ye the hurried aspect, and the thought  
Bronzed on the brow with dread forebodings fraught ?

View ye the livid looks of dumb despair,  
Telling the terror of repose that's there ?  
And see ye not the direful sign that's given,  
Denouncing vengeance and the wrath of Heaven ?  
Lift up your eyes, behold what dreary gulph  
Gapes in the Forum like a famish'd wolf !  
A dreadful depth spreads its sepulchral shore,  
With hell's tremendous gloom,—tumultuous roar ;  
And Rome hath trembled ! for the Fates have said  
It shall not close, save o'er th' immortal dead !  
“ Rome, Rome shall fall !” thus spake the cloudy art,  
“ Unless self-sacrificed her dearest part !”  
Shudder'd the warrior's mail-clad breast with fear,  
Stood in the trembling matron's glance the tear ;  
The old man raised his hoary locks on high,  
Smote his chill brow, and taught his soul to die !



The aged wife over her grandchild wept,  
While her proud son a lofty silence kept,  
Save when a father's fears subdue his soul;  
The man is seen in tears that speechless roll;  
The child alone, unconscious of alarms,  
Wonders why press'd so fondly to their arms:  
Each Roman youth stood like his lofty sire,  
Fix'd as his fate, as firmly to expire;  
And if a heart did quiver in its cell,  
'Twas for the weeping maid it loved so well,  
Who hung and wept upon her loved one's breast,  
And lull'd, or tried to lull, her fears to rest,  
And vainly strove; as the rain shadows fly  
Through sunny splendours of a summer's sky,  
Her fears o'erpower her smiles, she looks alone  
Like a pale figure chisel'd out of stone!

Oh 'twas a grand, a stirring thing to gaze,  
Upon the passions of each Roman's face,  
And mark the heroic energy of man  
Sternly await Fate's dark inhuman ban ;  
The varied aspects of a father's brow,  
A mother's anguish o'er her babe below,  
The warrior's sternness, and the young man's pride,  
The loveliness of beauty by his side,  
Sprinkling her tears like incense o'er a tomb,  
With frantic sobbings watching for his doom ;  
Oh 'twere too much to gaze upon their woes,  
Nor almost wish that we were one of those,  
Fraught with such lofty peerless energy,  
Dying so suddenly—like men to die !  
“ Rome's most precious part” they cannot find,  
Yet prove it by the prowess of the mind.

The tumult thickens, on and on they go  
To where the Forum speaks a nation's woe,  
All look to heaven to watch the portents there,  
No sign arrests the quivering heart's despair ;  
But a foreboding light now spread around,  
A hue obscure, a dreariness profound ;  
The sun withdrew the radiance of his brow,  
And shed a dubious daylight down below ;  
This was a prodigy too clearly given,  
To testify the direful wrath of Heaven,  
Unless the Gods would hear a people's prayer,  
And send down mercy on a realm's despair.  
Silent they stand upon the brink of fate  
A band heroic, firm though desolate,  
Waiting the yawning of a world beneath,  
Or from a world above expecting death !

There was a warrior youth of that pale crowd,  
With brow erect when all beside were bow'd ;  
A dreamy, stern, mysterious impulse shone  
In the swift flashing of his eye's bright tone,  
Which glanced in its magnificence of form,  
Proud as the eagle's through the rolling storm.  
He felt his country's woe, he mark'd the dread  
Wrath of high heaven threatening overhead ;  
He gazed upon the pallid maiden's brow,  
And felt his own almost to marble grow ;  
Then on the gulph he look'd, and with a start  
Felt a wild tumult thickening round his heart,  
A supernatural inward pulse that bounds  
Within, as when the battle trumpet sounds  
And prompts the warrior's soul to "do or die,"  
For home and country with his latest sigh.



Subtle as fire Prometheus stole from heaven,  
Flash'd the quick thought, the fateful charm was riven ;  
The mystic words the oracle had told,  
In one swift moment were by him unroll'd ;  
"Rome's most precious part" his thoughts soon scan,  
And deem'd at once the sacrifice a man, —  
Flashed his bright eye with radiance divine,  
As if it saw all space and pierced all time ;  
Flush'd his fine face, for dreadful was the thought  
With which his lofty mind was deeply fraught.  
It is resolved ! he'll sate the gloomy wolf,  
Armed, horsed, accoutred, plunge into the gulph,  
Give to his country more than she might claim,  
And dying leave a patriot's deathless name.

Away he hastes, with heart that anxious burns,  
He seeks his steed, and arms, and quick returns :



His white plume waving o'er his burnish'd crest,  
His dark locks loose and floating down his breast,  
His falchion flashing, for the sun just then  
Shower'd his bright beams upon the forms of men,  
CURTIUS went forth ! the wondering crowd behold,  
And start aghast at mortal man so bold,  
Thus as he meant with arms in hand t' have striven  
Against the menaced wrath, the high decrees of  
Heaven.

But when he spoke so proudly and so high,  
And said to save his country, " man must die ;  
" That he as warrior clad in arms had come  
" To save his country and to die for Rome ;"  
Swiftly as torrent from a cloud is pour'd,  
Sighs, sobs, and groans, and loud laments were heard ;  
And hands were raised, and prayers to Jove were given,  
To take his godlike spirit up to Heaven.

Proud was his look ; his brow, though pale, was still,  
Serene and lofty as its master's will ;  
And if a tear fell from his flashing eye,  
'Twas from his heart's o'erwrought anxiety,  
Or the last tribute of a tender mind  
For those it loved and loving left behind.  
The prayer is said, the rites are closed and done,  
The crowd parted—Curtius, on, on, on !  
The sun is flaming, and the heavens are bright,  
Thee to the realms above the Gods invite !  
On, Curtius, on ! 'Tis o'er, the deed is done ;  
Closed is the world on Rome's immortal son ;  
Closed too the gulph ! the horse and rider past  
Into its depths, the only first and last !  
But not as yet the crowd upon it dwelt,  
For, as he plunged, with awe they instant knelt ;

And when he vanish'd from their sights, they dare  
Scarcely look up, their lips were seal'd in prayer.  
Slowly at last, as shadows steal away,  
And sunshine follows with its cheering ray,  
They timid gaze ; nor Curtius may be seen,  
Nor threatening gulph, nor aught to intervene ;  
Then rise their voices and aloud proclaim  
Thanksgiving to the Gods and Curtius' name ;  
Then tears of rapture from the virgin's eye,  
And from the speechless mother's heart a sigh ;  
Then young and old with shouts incessant raise  
The hymn of joy, the long resounding praise ;  
And Curtius, worshipp'd as a god above,  
Unceasing lived in Rome's eternal love !



## REGINALD AND ROSINE.

POOR Reginald ! I knew thee years ago,  
When thy bright brow, like day-break, beam'd with joy,  
And all was peace and sunshine. Every flower  
For thee breathed richer incense ; every hue  
That streak'd its delicate leaf far fairer seem'd  
To thee than others, for thou didst behold  
With the enthusiast's glance ; every blithe bird  
That flung its warblings on th' enamour'd gale,  
Singing of Summer sunshine, Summer showers,  
Left deepest rapture on thy soul. Nature

Flash'd like a glorious gem upon thine eye,  
Which, mirror-like, reflected it within.  
Rivers and rocks, woods, wilds, and wandering rills,  
Mountains and plains, valleys like rays of light,  
The crashing cataract and the boiling flood,  
The dark ravine frowning like Hate below,  
For thee had more attractions than the hours  
Of dalliance and delight,—for thee they had  
A tone mysterious and undefined  
As the deep murmuring midnight—midnight !  
It hung suspended o'er thy upraised brow,  
With all its countless stars and fairy lights,  
Its glorious moon walking her pathless space  
O'er clouds and whirlwinds, like an ocean bark  
With sails of silver gliding o'er the sea  
Of heaven,—now hid behind some gloomy wave,

Now mounting high above the feathering foam,  
Radiant with light and life, her diamond prow  
Breasting the golden billows of the sky,  
As if her sails were wafted by the wings  
Of the bright stars around her. How thou lovedst  
To contemplate her glories—to survey  
Th' enchanted atmosphere around—to watch,  
With their nobility of light, planets  
Fade in the grey dawn, or some gentle star,  
Giddy with gazing on the sun-born Queen,  
Shoot from its airy height, till Fancy, fired,  
Would listen to the wind that murmur'd by,  
As if with music fraught from those bright spheres.

Romantic Reginald ! methinks I see  
Thy stately form on yonder mountain top,

Ere from her heathery couch the lark hath risen,  
Marking the first flush of the fairy morn,—  
Methinks I see thee too at evening hour,  
Beside some babbling brook reclined, flinging  
The wild flowers on its stream, then listening to  
The far off muttering thunder, or perchance  
To the sweet cadence of the village bells,  
Mingling their music with the mellowing stream.  
Thou hadst a soul attuned to Nature's charms ;  
Chains of enchantment round thee had she wound,  
Thou hadst become a part of her, and she  
Blended her witcheries with each inmost thought.  
Thy heart was her own echo : as the breeze  
Witches the chords of the Æolian lyre,  
Until th' exhaling music softly sighs  
Like fragrance from the flower, so Nature woo'd

And drew with her minutest spell incense,  
And music from thy mind—O happy hours !  
Too sweet to last, too perfect to endure.

O Life ! thou wonderous stream that ceaseless rolls  
Into the Ocean of Eternity !  
Whereon we launch our barks and trim their sails,  
And woo the genial breeze to waft us on—  
O stream of Life ! from thy deep bosom'd wave  
I call thy antient spirit to declare  
What tempests have swept o'er thee, fiercely spurning  
The fragile vessel and the hopeful crew,  
Who deem'd the sunshine on the sails would last  
For ever. Scylla and Charybdis frown  
When least we fear them ; so a shadow starts,  
Like a pale hurried ghost, from off the sun,  
As the dim eclipse veils it and is fled :



So pleasure is o'ercast, and all that's bright  
Is shrouded with the sadness of the tomb!

Say, what has quench'd the fire of Reginald's eye?  
Why droops his brow, and on his pallid hand  
Leans it, as if his mind dreamt of the past,  
Or that the spirits of futurity  
Wrapt him in visions? Why on his fringed lid,  
Like spray upon the sea-weed, hangs the tear?—  
Ah! 'tis the universal cause of woe,  
The impulse of despair or of delight,—  
The beautiful bright blessing of the heart,  
Or poison cup that withers up the soul.—  
O Love! sweet were thy gentle sounding lyre—  
Sweet were the tones that tremble on thy touch,  
Were there no discord when thou sweep'st the strings

To mingle with the cadence ere it died.  
Thou on the soul of Reginald hast pour'd  
Thy choicest melodies ; silent he roams,  
Nursing the fondling hope within his heart  
With passionate expectation—So watches  
The evening star the coming of the moon—  
Long had he strived against it, but in vain.  
He rush'd amidst the festive crowd to cool  
The fever of his mind ; bright eyes on him  
Rain'd rapture, but he felt them not ; alone  
One form of loveliness engross'd his heart.  
He sought the boisterous revelry of mirth,  
The maddening wine cup prest unto his lips.  
O think ye of a mind like his, that loved  
The rock, the river, and the glorious sky,  
Driven to the foul debauch, the midnight brawl,

Listening to the quenchless mouth breathe forth  
Indecency or blasphemy—flush'd brows  
Reeling with drunkenness ; pot valiant men  
Swearing by the good swords they never drew ;  
Lean-lipp'd adulterers boasting of their crimes,  
Panders to vice and pamper'd hypocrites,  
Right honourable boasters of their honour,  
True to a friend as sunlight is to winter ;  
Gamblers and knaves and bullies who would draw  
Upon a brother, were he in their way.—  
O think ye how the mind refined must shrink,  
Disgusted, from such scenes—they yield in vain  
A Lethe to the spirit, memory turns  
With bitter anguish on itself.—In vain  
The wine cup's quaff'd,—'tis poison to the heart :  
Vain is the song, the ribbald jest, the laugh

Wild as the storm wind—vain, ah vain are all!—  
So Reginald found, and hied in scorn away.  
He could not tear the image from his heart,  
Nor shroud it in oblivion—through the mist,  
That veil'd his fever'd brain, he saw it still,  
As through the rifted midnight clouds we see  
The shadow of the moon.—Away he fled,  
And sought the scenes again he loved and pined for,  
Where he in solitude might contemplate  
The image of his soul, like one alone  
Gazing upon the heavens!

Whom loved he? Oh she was a maid so fair,  
Thou would'st have deem'd her sister to some star  
Cradled in the bright bosom of the skies.  
The majesty of mind shone in her face



With breathing beauty, and her pale blue eye,  
Almost voluptuous in its pensiveness,  
Seem'd in its dreamy mood apart from earth,  
And yet not quite all heaven—Sweet hopes were there,  
And that mysterious and soul-stirring sense,  
That wins and awes our homage and our love.—  
There was a loveliness about her form,  
Ripe as the rainbow when the storms depart.  
Her brow was bright—bright as the ocean Queen's,  
When far and wide the evening shadows fly,  
And in her virgin beauty she upsprings  
Triumphant ;—her shape like those fairy forms  
That float at dewfall in visions dreamy,  
Across the heated mind ; the flowing tress  
Hung like a clustering vintage down her neck,  
Which like a little silver billow heaved ;

Her foot fell light as music on the earth,  
Or starlight on the rose : she look'd a spirit  
Of poesy and love—But oh! the flush,  
The crimson flush, upon her delicate cheek,  
That as the last tint on a summer's sky  
Shone faintly beautiful, still bore upon it  
A fearful indistinctness, heralding  
A brief existence, like a wintery flower.  
Yes, sweet Rosine! the hue upon thy cheek  
Had too much heavenly beauty to remain :  
'Twas the delicious fleeting bloom of Spring,  
With Autumn's sad and melancholy languor,—  
An evening radiance solemnly serene.

And loved she Reginald ? Time, who illumines  
The dimness of futurity, and draws



The veil aside that shrouds her phantom form,  
As sweeps the whirlwind by the pallid moon,  
Dashing the storm-cloud by-- Time, who reveals  
The lights and shadows of the soul, and brings  
Its brightness forth, as the midsummer's sun  
Ushers the sweet flower from its fragrant cell,  
Disclosed the mutual longings of the heart ;  
And youthful eyes soon feel the sweet exchange  
Of kindred looks, and soon dissolve the spell  
That winds around the enamour'd spirit ; and oft,  
Gentle Rosine, she wandered by the rill  
At eve to watch the starlight, and to mark  
The first fond glances of the limpid moon  
Silver its bosom ;—to behold the shrub,  
Dripping with dew, bow its enamell'd stems,  
To pluck the pearl-fringed daisy, and to list

To the wild warblings of the twilight bird.

Why wandered Rosine at eve ?

Ah Reginald ! thou truly canst declare

Why thus beneath the moon-clad beam she hied.

Had the rich silentness of eve infused

Its solemn soothing spells within her soul ?

Did the stars woo her presence ? Did she hear

The song of Seraph round those golden orbs,

Hymning delicious music ? Ah ! no, no.

From the first moment she beheld thy brow,

Bright as the morning when the clouds dispart,

Beaming with passionate thought ; when she beheld

Thine eye fix'd like the Indian moon's on her,

Drinking the beauties of her pensive glance ;

She felt the charm, and bent her lustrous brow



As flowers beneath the ardour of the sun ;  
And from that moment every waking thought  
Was full of thee; and every dream at night  
Was brighten'd by thy presence ; thou becamest  
A portion of her being, as the light  
Is portion of the flame ;—as Paradise  
Was perfumed by the incense of fair flowers,  
So breathed her soul an atmosphere of sweets,  
By thee created.—

Thoughts bright as the wings of the South Sea  
bird,

Flutter'd within her heart, and rainbow hopes,  
Fleeting yet beautiful, inspired her soul.

She knew not then thine echo'd but her own :  
But love soon learns a cunning self-conceived,  
And Rosine fancied that 'twas sweet to roam

At eve and watch the stars, and to the song  
Of winds and waters listen.—Why did she?  
She saw that Reginald did love them too,  
And sympathy attuned her soul to them.

There are two forms wandering beside the stream,  
Two forms reflected on the glassy wave,  
And they do seem bright beings, more allied  
To some resplendent planet of the heavens  
Than earth. The upraised face of one is flush'd  
With a rich crimson, and a gentle tear  
Like a star glistens in her floating eye :  
His hand is clasping hers, and a fond smile,  
Like moonlight dallying with the ruby rose,  
Is playing on her lips, which now are prêt  
Closely to his ; life seem'd to tremble then

In that o'erwhelming heart-gush, as a wave  
Beneath the amorous breeze that circles o'er.  
Whose forms are those that thus enamour'd blend  
Their souls harmoniously, like two white clouds  
Of summer mingling, by light zephyrs prest,  
Into each other's bosoms? Whose forms are those?  
Say, are they not Reginald and Rosine's?  
O Love! the midnight of thy mind hath pass'd,  
And the bright Orient lights thy crimson morn.

Oft when the Moon look'd from her orb'd shrine  
Of cloudless beauty, like some minstrel spirit  
Hanging enamour'd o'er her golden lyre,  
And the bright stars, those witcheries of heaven,  
Those radiant creatures of the crystal spheres,  
Whose twinkling glances, like the Nizam drops

Into the ocean's shell, fall flashing down ;  
And when the dew fell fleecy on the flowers,  
Revelling in fragrance, floating upon light,  
Would they two wander forth, contemplating  
The mysteries of heaven—but ah ! how oft  
The mysteries of the soul, given through the glance,  
Like sunlight through a shower ;—thou wouldst have  
deem'd

Their very shadows took a kindred tone,  
And woo'd each other with their bending forms.  
How would he breathe within her listening ear  
The passion of the moment ; then softly,  
As Contemplation's foot-fall, press her hand,  
Which clung unto the pressure, and return'd  
An answering fondness—How oft would he breathe  
Th' intenseness of his spirit on her lip,

That shrunk not most mimosa-like away,  
But to the sun as th' helian thus turns,  
And bends her golden brow to meet his beam,  
She turn'd her radiant countenance to his ;  
And if he pluck'd a dew-steep'd rose for her,  
She stole the violet from its emerald shrine,  
And shower'd its fragrance in his bosom.—Thus  
Moons roll'd away, and flowerets bloom'd and died,  
Stars shifted their bright courses in the heavens,  
And that delicious season of the year,  
Yellow-hair'd Autumn, with her gipsy face,  
Still found them wandering at the twilight hour,  
Feeding their fancy at Love's fragrant shrine.—

Why wanders, with that melancholy mien,  
Reginald ! silently slow and sorrowful ?

The brightness of his face is clouded o'er,  
Like the day sick'ning at the pale eclipse.  
Has the plague smote the fair Land of Promise,  
And in the Paradise of his fond heart  
Has some sly serpent stolen ? Ah, no, no !  
And yet he wanders solitary forth.  
Where was Rosine ? ah, where indeed ! she lay  
Upon the couch of death ; sickness had shed  
A baleful crimson on her cheek, which told  
A tale more doleful than the lurid glare  
Of the red sun upon the waters, when  
The storm is gathering underneath his wings.  
“ Consumption, like a worm i' the bud, fed on  
Her damask cheek,” yet no unquiet fear  
Disturb'd the sunset splendour of her soul,  
Or dimm'd the cloudless iris of her mind,



Save those faint flutterings that the spirit feels,  
In a fond moment when it dreams of bliss  
That might have been its portion, or perchance  
With transitory sadness dwells upon  
The charms of Nature,—the rejoicing morn  
And the rich purple eve, the glorious lights  
Of day and night, the everlasting woods,  
The bowers of beauty, and the fragrant groves,  
The voice of summer birds, and the sweet breath  
Of summer flowers. Sometimes she thought upon  
The gentle river, where she oft had roved,  
To watch the ling'ring shadows of the eve  
With Reginald : but ah ! she dared not dwell  
Too long on this ; it was too deeply fraught  
With intense suffering, and those burning throbs  
Of passion that electrically ran

Fearfully through her heart, but crush'd the thought  
With almost frantic energy for ever—  
She turn'd the music of her soul to Heaven,  
And, with a holy inspiration fired,  
She deem'd invisible spirits hover'd o'er  
Her couch of death to catch the silver sounds  
Of joy that trembled on her quiv'ring lips,  
And bear them to the skies ; even as we  
In some calm hour of silence, when inspired  
By visions of the brain, gaze on the moon  
Until our smallest thoughts became a part  
Of her effulgent tide, and then we deem  
That things departed,—things of future hours,  
All that impassion'd feeling then excites  
Of love, or hope, or of things loftier still,  
May, by some wizard spell or magic power,



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In some calm hour of silence, when inspired  
By visions of the brain, gaze on the moon  
Until our smallest thoughts became a part  
Of her effulgent tide, and then we deem  
That things departed,—things of future hours,  
All that impassion'd feeling then excites  
Of love, or hope, or of things loftier still,  
May, by some wizard spell or magic power,



Be blended with her brightness, and be borne  
Where'er her radiance reaches ; as day-break  
Springs on the orient plume and blends with Heaven.  
Rosine ! she deem'd that all her inmost thoughts  
Of purity and peace did blend themselves  
With that Omniscient Being, who, enthroned,  
Surveys the world with pity and with love.—  
Thus breathed her silent spirit, as a flower  
That gives its latest incense to the day  
And dies.—Pale grew her cheek—so very pale,  
A statue chisell'd out of alabaster  
Would not look more so ; yet oft it was glass'd  
With an unnatural brightness, like sun-light  
Falling upon a mirror ; she died at last ;  
Her spirit mingled with the world of light  
As twilight with the moon, so calm it pass'd

Into eternity ; she look'd in death  
Almost beatified—a child of Heaven  
Slumbering beneath the stars upon a cloud  
Of beauty, white as the driven snow, and lit  
With radiance celestial—thus she died—  
Rosine had pass'd unto the tomb !

Like one who sudden starts when falls the bolt  
Hurl'd by the thunder at his feet ; or one  
Who treads upon the coiled snake and feels  
Its poison fang ; or one who madman meets  
Upon a precipice's edge ; or one  
Who on the last plank of the shattered bark,  
Beholds the death-storm come ; so Reginald,  
Horror-struck, started when the fearful voice  
Of death fell on his ear—He stood transfix'd



And rooted unto earth—he shed no tear,  
He spake no word—the current of his heart  
Seem'd calm and placid as the glassy stream  
Ere it descends the Alpine cataract—  
He went his way in silence ; thought came not,  
Save of the past, and then it was inwrought  
With visions of bright bowers, of twilight groves,  
Of sweet streams murmuring to the fragrant breeze,  
Of stars in Heaven, of radiance upon Earth ;  
Of a loved creature roving by his side,  
Watching his shadow, or perchance his glance,  
That drank her spirit—He wander'd on and look'd  
As if she still were with him, for he turn'd  
His head in act to gaze on one and started.—  
Poor lonely Reginald ! thy mind was now  
Like a cloud shatter'd by a thunder-storm ;

Thy senses, sunk beneath the weight of woe,  
Seem'd worshipping some meteor of the brain ;  
For thou didst wander through the gloomy woods  
At the deep midnight, list'ning to the wind,  
As if its spirit spoke to thee ;—didst watch  
The lights of Heaven, as if thou couldst descry  
Some form within them, and didst pluck the flowers  
And press them to thy lips, as if they breathed  
Of one departed,—who, thou scarce couldst tell—  
Then on the river gazed, as if within  
That crystal mirror thou beheld'st enshrined  
Some form of beauty ; on the brink thou knelt'st,  
Deeming the heaven reflected on the wave,  
With all its golden mysteries,—a bower  
Where thy enchantress slumber'd ; then with look  
Full of intensest suffering, wouldst thou turn



And listen to the night-bird's song—no tear  
Bedew'd thy cheek, which took a marble hue,  
In half anticipation of its doom :  
Like a volcanic mountain was thy heart,  
Pregnant with flame and whirlwind, labouring  
To burst the stony ligatures that bound it,  
Like a huge giant struggling with the throes  
Of agony, yet knowing not the cause :  
Thou stoodst battling with woes invisible,  
Yet conscious of some fiery strife within.—  
As the moon labouring through the dingy clouds  
Of storms and whirlwinds, shedding her fetter'd beams  
By fits and starts through the red riven clefts,  
Then shrouded by the chaotic rack of Heaven,  
Was Reginald's mind ; Reason vainly there  
For utterance gasp'd ; alas ! she never more

Resumed her wanton course ; like one denounced,  
Or flying from an enemy, she rush'd  
Across the wilderness of his wild brain—  
The aberrations of his wither'd spirit,  
Like a star driven from its heavenly sphere,  
Would sometimes through the night-gloom flash along,  
Then lose itself in darkness ;—at such times,  
As if inspired by an invisible spell,  
His spirit sung this wild fantastic song—

Where do the Dead reside ?  
In the sheeted mist or foamy spray,  
In the lullaby winds at close of day,  
In the phantom twilight's ghostly ray,—  
Where do the Dead abide ?



Where do the Dead retire ?  
To the holy haunts of the Seraphin,  
To the golden clouds of the cherubin,  
Or to the thunder's terrible shrine,  
Where the lightnings expire ?

Where do the Dead appear ?  
In the charnel house where their cold bones lie,  
In the one white cloud of a summer's sky,  
In the Ocean's desolate cemetery,—  
Where do the Dead appear ?

Whither art thou, Rosine ?  
In the sweetest mist or foamy spray,  
In the lullaby winds at close of day,  
In the phantom twilight's ghostly ray,—  
Whither art thou, Rosine ?

Thus frequently he'd sing at vesper hours,  
Watching in silence the swift flight of time,  
Yet heedless of its passing ; ne'er again  
His subjugated reason on the track  
Of empire strode ; he stood a thing apart  
From man, harmless and innocent ; the spear  
Had smote his breast,—he lived, and loved  
To feel the poison, not extract the dart.

Poor Reginald ! thine eye roll'd rayless on,  
Save that unnatural light that often sprung,  
Like wild-fire from the earth ; and thy pale cheek,  
Chilly and wan as the grey cloud of morn,  
Was sometimes crimson'd with the passion burst  
Of suffering, one moment understood,  
Like meteor flashing through a sunless sky :  
And thus he lived, his life an aching void,—



Sprung, like a beauteous pine from out the side  
Of some wild mountain chasm, its branches green  
With youth, but ah ! its magnificent head  
By the storm-flame shorn and shrivell'd.—Peace,  
                    peace  
At last came o'er thee, Reginald, and hope,  
Like the first morning beam that gilds the sky,  
Warm'd thy deserted heart and raised thy soul  
To heaven.—Poor Reginald ! fare thee well !

## S A P P H O.

Supposed to be written from the Leucadian Promontory.

MONARCH of heaven and earth ! imperial power  
Of planets rolling through eternal space,  
Of every star within its crystal bower,  
Shooting and flashing in the beauteous race  
Of lordly Time ! O Sun, I view thy face  
Of god-like glory light'ning from on high ;  
Thy beams, like lustrous seraphs, swiftly chase  
Each other, springing through the sapphire sky,





Till every breeze seems wing'd with diamond radiancy.

Oh glorious scene ! beneath my feet is spread  
A mighty mirror girdled with thy light ;  
And isles of beauty, with sweet perfumes fed,  
From flowers whose fragrance the glad bees invite,  
Like glist'ning jewels, sparkle in my sight ;  
The dewy olive, in thy golden ray,  
Flames like an emerald with its vest so bright,  
And there the ruins of thy temple lay  
In ages long since gone—e'en they have pass'd away.

But thou, translucent orb of high-throned light !  
Triumphant and majestic still dost reign  
Omnipotent in thy unmeasured might.

Time withers up the mountain and the plain,  
But lifts at thee his eager lance in vain.  
How nobly sweep'st thou, compassing around  
Earth, Heaven and Ocean; yon huge cloud would  
fain  
Cover thy glory with a shade profound,—  
Proudly thou spurn'st it thence, as war-horse spurns  
the ground.

Here from this lofty rock I look on thee,  
Wheeling through space upon thy iris wings ;—  
This lofty rock of pearl-like radiancy,  
Down whose white sides the tinkling streamlet springs,  
From the sad, silent depths of memory brings  
A deed of former day—a deed of death.  
Here on this mount, where many a lichen clings,

And the sweet tube-rose yields its fragrant breath,  
A maiden frantic stood, and tore her laurel wreath

Off from her brows, and flung it to the winds,  
Gave one last look upon thy light divine,  
Swept with wild touch her lyre, then swift unbinds  
Her zone, and sprung into the foaming brine.  
Methinks, e'en now, I see her form recline  
Upon this crag that beetles o'er the deep,  
Gazing upon the ocean's silver line,  
Suddenly shuddering at the frightful steep  
Down which, few moments o'er, she sprung with  
desp'rate leap.

Here Sappho stood, with glance upturn'd, to gaze  
On thee, O Sun ! with last long look of woe,

Her dark eye flashing with pale passion's blaze,  
Her flush'd brow flaming with unearthly glow,  
Her loose hair streaming as the breeze might blow,  
Scattering the sunlight ; on her brow of pain  
And on her quivering lip all all might know,  
Though seated there unconquerable disdain,  
High regal thoughts were throned we ne'er may see  
again.

She was a woman—Woman in all sense  
Of feeling-passion ; loving till her soul  
Burst in a mighty stream of eloquence,  
Yet fierce as Ocean round the icy Pole.  
Firm and devoted unto one, she stole  
Her hope, her bliss, nay e'en her life from him,  
Till as the floods of mountain storm clouds roll



On desperate whirlpool, frantically she'd swim,  
Burning with love intense, through every nerve and  
limb,

For him, that heartless one. —Vainly she swept  
Her own immortal lyre, and from each chord  
Brought sounds like tones of pity,—vainly wept  
Her unrequited love. Her own adored,  
Her soul's unbounded and unfeeling lord,  
Deserting left her to lament and wail,  
And curse, yet love the object she abhorr'd,  
Worshipp'd, detested, cherish'd ; each assail'd  
By turns her furious breast, and each by turns pre-  
vail'd.

She sought the plains, she sought the scented flowers,

She sought the groves, the deep and shadowy woods,—  
She sought the valleys and the myrtle bowers,  
And skimm'd the surface of the silver floods,  
To cool the fever of her heart ; she broods  
For hours, and hours, beside some silent stream,  
Till madness fires her brain ; then Hate intrudes,  
Which passion blasteth with its quenchless beam,  
And bringeth Love again with its infuriate gleam.

Again she struck the chords—she swept her lyre,  
And, like a Bacchanalian reeling wild,  
With the prompt flame that set her soul on fire,  
Her “ veins ran lightning,” and her pale lip smiled  
With ghastly expectation ; Hope beguiled—  
Unreal hope ! that skeleton assuaged  
Her pangs one moment, but to be reviled



With shrieks and frantic gestures from th' enraged  
Passions untamed, unblest, that war within her waged.

Exhausted with her anguish would she lie,  
Sometimes for hours together, gazing on  
The deep oblivion of the sapphire sky,  
Then hurried start at her own desolation.  
Perchance she'd pluck the flower beside, that shone  
In sparkling beauty, and its rich perfume  
Inhale awhile, then in her loosen'd zone  
Place it ; then listless lie, until the gloom  
Of night spread far and wide the darkness of the tomb,

And the sweet stars their vesper-hymns began  
From off their diamond thrones of glory bright :  
Upon th' admiring gaze of erring man  
They shower'd the splendours of their jewell'd light,



And she bewilder'd turn'd her swimming sight,  
Flashing through tears, unto them, and would raise  
Her voice and break the silence of the night,  
With sounds like fragrance floating to their praise ;—  
But chiefly on Love's star she bent her ardent gaze,

And wrung deep passion from the chords, and dash'd  
Her hand, like lightning, o'er the quivering strings,  
That eloquently sounded, sparkled, flash'd,  
As doth a snake, that in the moon-beam springs  
Glistening with dew :—her voice impassion'd sings  
Her soul's deep madness ; love alone she breathed  
From her flush'd lips ; her loosen'd zone she flings  
Far on the breeze ; her glance with madness seethed,  
And her much tortured frame with love's convulsions  
writhe.





Such could not last—this storm and calm must break  
The brain to atoms ; night and day to her  
Had but one object that her mind could take  
Possession of,—the rest a sepulchre,  
A grave, a hideous mass of death; a spur  
To madness, passion, fury, ravings dire,  
Ruin and desolation ; the worshipper  
And worshipp'd of the world was all on fire  
With love, absorbing love, insatiable desire !

It was a mockery, and could not last :  
Calmer she grew,—that stern terrific calm  
That broods upon the frozen Sausar blast;  
And reason half return'd, and pour'd a balm  
Over her desolate spirit, on which the charm

Of life no longer was :—fix'd was her doom,—  
Her settled purpose shrunk not with alarm,—  
This rock she sought, this rock of flowery bloom,  
Down from its heights to seek an everlasting tomb.

O bright Leucate ! thou beheld'st her here  
With laurel wreathed, her lyre within her hand,  
But in her eye there stood no trembling tear ;  
Her woman's brow look'd lordly from the land  
On the dark tide, and loftily she scan'n'd  
Her death-bed ; her dishevell'd locks she flung  
Aside in haste ; her glorious lyre she spann'd,  
And, like a swan, this death-dirge sweetly sung,  
As o'er thy marble cliff her form half dizzy swung.



'Tis done! my fate is seal'd! and now

I die, thus scorn'd by thee ;

I tear the laurel from my brow,

I fling it to the winds, since thou,

Phaon, art false to me.

I love thee not as woman loves—

With tear, and smile, and sigh ;

But blending all that bliss approves,

And passion prompts, and sorrow moves,

I learn for thee to die !

Thou must not know—thou canst not know

The love I've felt for thee,

Until within these depths below

The surges sweep, the wild winds blow,

False Phaon, over me !

Then wilt thou feel, if thou canst feel,  
For Sappho's blighted name,  
Who lived, whilst there was hope to heal  
The love she could no more conceal,  
And died to hide her shame.

Unfeeling Phaon ! now I gaze  
Upon the ocean deep ;  
She whom thy cruel heart betrays,  
To bless thee, yet one moment stays  
From her unceasing sleep.

My Lyre ! upon this wither'd tree,  
Type of my broken heart,  
I hang, that he who finds may see  
How true poor Sappho was to thee,—  
But oh ! how false thou art !

Ye storms that gather round my head,  
Ye cannot cool my brain ;  
O rock ! on which I scarcely tread,  
Ye waters far beneath me spread,  
Witness my dying strain.

'Tis Sappho seeks the sheltering wave,  
Since Phaon falsely flies ;  
O Ocean ! thou shalt be my grave,  
There is no life left for the brave,  
When Earth all hope denies.

Ye whispering winds, to Phaon hence  
Thus breathe within his ear, —  
“ That she who loved him, till all sense  
Forsook her, sleeps for her defence  
Beneath the sea-wave here !

“ And thou, my lyre ! when starlight falls,

And winds thy sweet strings wave,

Sound till thy softest note appals

The ear with its low mournful calls

O'er Sappho's ocean-grave !”

She said, and sprang into th' unconscious deep,

Dived like a Naiad through its sever'd wave,

Lull'd in some ocean-cave her soul to sleep ;—

Where Genius weeps unceasing o'er her grave.—

Yes, fair Leucate ! thou didst see her brave

Thy bright abyss, and look'd as placid then

Upon the waters that beneath thee lave

Thy lucid sides, as now within my ken

They rise with windless swell, and wash thy rocky fane.

Beautiful, boundless seat of vision ! lo,  
The ocean burns in gold, the islands leap  
Like spirits from the waves, the breezes blow,  
With violet breaths, calmly as infant's sleep ;  
The pink shallop glides smoothly o'er the deep,  
The lute low murmurs from the olive grove,  
Beauty and Peace a holy concord keep,  
In air, on earth, beneath, around, above,—  
A sacred silence reigns,—the eloquence of Love !

## ROSAMUND GRAY.

SHE was a love, a very love, a gem  
As beautiful as a May morning beam ;  
Her eye had all the brilliance of a star  
Whose rays are mellow'd by the misty sheen ;  
Her face, her round and ruby tintured face,  
Vermilion'd with the rose's softest hue,  
Was ever lighted up with gentleness,  
And modesty and coy timidity—  
A certain charm, a grace without a name.  
Did she but smile, how placid was that smile!



A sunny ripple o'er a glassy lake—  
Most melancholy yet it was withal.  
No girlish levity was seated there,  
No boldness of a maiden premature,  
Who as a spring-flower opes its bud too soon,  
Then shrinketh from the ardent lustre round it.  
It was a smile that almost made one sad,  
"Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair."  
Her auburn hair, in golden clusters, fell  
Like sunlight down her ivory polish'd neck ;  
And did the breeze but trifle with the tresses,  
They floated like the tassels of the broom ;  
And did thine ear but thirst for harmony,  
Her trembling voice it was most musical—  
A pensive dreamlike melody of sound,  
Made but to wake the murmurs of the eve,

A tranquil, Claude-like eve.—She said but little ;  
And so much modesty was in her voice,  
Its very diffidence assail'd the heart  
And found a willing passport to the affections.—  
Her form, her light ariel slender form,  
So zephyry seem'd, one would have thought the wind  
That woo'd the rose, had wafted her away,  
Young, artless, harmless, innocent and pure,  
Full of affection as an unwean'd fawn.  
Rosamund walk'd the sinful paths of life,  
Sinless herself, beloved and loving all.

Say, could a creature so estranged from earth,  
And yet a part of it, not fade away,  
Like the last leaf of Autumn, cherish'd more  
Because it is the last ? Or did the storms

Ere Spring was past, anticipate her doom,  
Or antedate her record of creation ?  
The flower that blooms the soonest, soonest fades,  
And rarest worth is soonest snatch'd away ;  
Perfection being most foreign to this earth,  
All earthly things its beauties strive to mar.  
The merriest heart affliction loves to damp,  
In calmest hours the threatening thunders roll,  
The brightest sun the envious clouds obscure,  
And beauty, when the purest, soonest dies.—

'Twas night ! “ the ghostly glances of the moon ”  
By fits their redd'ning lights threw on the path  
Which lay along the surge-resounding shore :  
Wildly magnificent the scene arose,  
The ocean waves like thunder clouds came on,

Rolling their lengthening ridges with a noise  
Of crashing avalanches ; falling sleet,  
Frequent and chill-like fire-flies, glanced and fell  
On every side ; the sobbing surf too came,  
Driven by the south-east messengers of Heaven ;  
Masses of large dark demon-looking clouds,  
Fiercely and ghastly hurried by the moon,  
Whose pale lights gleam'd upon the whirling sands,  
In fits hysterical ; yet oft she tipt  
The billow's feathery cone with silvery beam,  
That in its placid beauty seem'd to mock  
The horrid darkness of the depths below.  
On such an eve came Rosamund ; no fear  
Assail'd her heart ; she with a healing voice  
Beside the couch where quivering guilt reclined,  
Where life, suspended 'tween two fearful worlds

Of hope and dread, was poising for the plunge,—  
Had late been praying, and had urged hard lips  
To murmur heavenly words, and clasped hands,  
Almost with frantic energy to catch  
At heaven, so late unheeded and unloved—  
And she, as usual, by the boiling surge,  
That beat the brazen sand-reefs of the shore,  
Was now returning to her mother's cot,  
Her widow'd mother's,—she her only child !

She drew her cloak around her, for the storm  
Reel'd like a drunkard rudely up against her ;  
She felt a solemn peace within her heart,  
The deeper for the war of worlds without ;  
As if her soul in that dark hour were like  
A pure calm spring amidst a desert vast,

Welling serenely through the arid waste,  
All heedless of the simoom rushing o'er it ;  
Yea, from the very blackness round she felt  
More, more secure : the slender, rapid lights,  
Flung from the hectic moon, just show'd her path,  
And God, she deem'd, could only see her then : —  
But Death is born of Darkness, and he walks  
Unheard, unseen ; he breathes his Upas breath  
Oft in the incense of the fairest flower,  
That wooes the bright-hair'd beauty to its leaf ;  
He takes all forms, all hues ; by slow degrees,  
As well as with a lightning glance, he slays ;  
His agents are the sinful of the earth,  
Who in their turn have conscience for themselves ;  
Yea, every vice is but a sign of death,  
Vice unrepenting ; and it comes unseen,



When least suspected,

\* \* \* \*

Harold ! 'twas thy curse

To be a child of Cain ; it was her curse

To be beheld by thee, beloved, rejecting.

Lust and revenge, those hell twins of the heart,

Sprung from thy soul arm'd for the ready deed.

Oft hadst thou watch'd her with malignant eye,

Yet ne'er until this night, on errand holy,

As thou didst mark her go, had ever been

Time so propitious. On that stormy shore,

The helpless devotee of God was met,

Unsullied as the fairest shrine of light,

Undimm'd by aught save childhood pass'd away,

And pure as the first birth-day of the sun :

Thus was she then ; but ah ! the hour, the place,

The mockery of help !

\* \* \* \*



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## A POET'S TOMB!

GERALD.

THIS spot, methinks so calm, so fair,  
Where evening breathes her purest air,  
And fragrance from the viewless flower  
Comes o'er us in a dewy shower ;  
Where through the Beech's fluttering leaves  
The breeze its spells of music weaves,  
Which yet so very dream-like fall,  
'Twere doubtful if they fell at all,  
And on the soul so softly steal,  
Silence becomes but deeper still ;

This spot, methinks, where all around,  
Nought's heard but an Æolian sound ;  
Where all so spiritual appears,  
Inspiring hopes, exciting tears,  
E'en from th' oppressive calm that clings  
Like honey to the tired bee's wings ;  
This spot of almost crimson gloom,  
Were fit, methinks, for Poet's Tomb !

Here, blushing like a sunset deep,  
The Rose has lulled herself to sleep ;  
And there the modest Violet tries  
To emulate her richest sighs ;  
Beneath my feet, the Primrose pale  
Just scents, or strives to scent, the gale ;

And here the pliant Jasmine stem  
Puts forth a starry diadem ;  
The urn-like Daffodils here glow  
Beside the Jonquile's cheeks of woe.  
The Acacia's silken tassels bend  
O'er the bright Broom, her humble friend,  
Whose flaming brilliancy is even  
" A burning Bush," in sight of heaven ;  
And there the graceful Woodbine twirls  
Down from the bough with spiral curls ;  
The party-coloured Hearts-ease too,  
Springs up beside the Harebell blue,  
Whose azure, like a young girl's eye,  
Will make us think of heaven and sigh :  
Here too, in this most holy spot,  
Springs the blue flower " Forget-me-not ;"

The Lilly, with her locks of snow,  
Swings in the light breeze to and fro;  
The bright Anemone too, rears  
Her gold cup fill'd with heaven's own tears ;  
And many a shrub and branch and tree,  
Shadow it calmly, dreamily.  
Oh say what spot, where wild flowers bloom  
So fit for youthful Poet's Tomb ?

Surely it was by Fairy made,  
You fountain purling through the shade,  
Fringed to its very edge with green,  
A mirror for some fairy Queen !  
That small pure space of velvet lawn  
Was nibbled by some favourite fawn ;



And here, perchance, the pair might meet,  
And bless with love the calm retreat.  
The larger trees are arch'd o'erhead,  
The smaller ones beneath are spread;  
A few bright beams of early day,  
Fling here and there a summer ray ;  
But th' whole has a cathedral stain  
Lured through the oriel's tintured pane.  
But oh ! to come in evening hours,  
When silver dew-drops pearl the flowers,  
And incense steals from out them all,  
And sighing zephyrs round them fall,  
And night's sweet lyrist flings afar  
Her warblings to the vesper star ;  
And diamond mists are creeping there  
Like silver veils thrown o'er the fair,

And lulling sounds and murmurs deep  
Make the heart almost long to weep ;  
And when her line the twilight draws,  
Ere evening makes her final pause,  
And hours pace on like lagging streams,  
Giving Night time to weave her dreams ;  
Thou'dst think in such an hour of gloom,  
'Twere only fit for Poet's tomb !

Rightly thou'dst think—no fairies here  
Have pass'd the eve in nuptial cheer ;  
No star-beams tangle here their light  
To gaze upon the nuptial rite ;  
Those roses bloom not for their loves,  
Nor zephyrs wake the leafy groves,  
For them no bird exalts its lay



All night upon the leafy spray ;  
But flowers, and birds, and breezes mourn  
Around a Poet's pallid urn.—

Gerald ! it was thy marble grave,  
Where runs beside the fountain wave ;  
It is thy spirit haunts the spot,  
Too sacred to be ere forgot ;  
'Tis here, where the blanch'd roses bloom,  
Gerald ! is raised thy quiet tomb !

Oh ! in bright hours of other day,  
How thou didst love to wile away  
Thy time within this leafy nook,  
Reading aloud from Nature's book !  
Here thy enthusiast mind in dreams  
Would sing unto the woods and streams,

And call upon the flowers to tell  
Where did their choicest treasures dwell ;  
No plant could raise its head to thee  
But what it was a mystery ;  
A key to many a winged thought,  
In the shut soul by fancy wrought ;  
Thou didst love Silence to intrude,  
Nought else to mar thy solitude,  
Save wizard winds, to whose lone sighs  
The melancholy heart replies ;  
Or distant scream of towering hern  
Sailing away to mountain tarn—  
Here would'st thou lie and dream for hours,  
 wooing the Muses' richest powers,  
Singing the songs of early years,  
Till flash'd thine eye through starry tears ;





'Twas thou who made'st these treasures bloom  
To deck a Poet's future tomb!

Whose tomb? Thine own! Too well 'twas known,  
Gerald, they'd bloom around thine own ;  
For though thou oft to mountain height,  
Like sunny eagle, took'st thy flight,  
And joy'd to meet the whirlwind loud  
Leaping from out the rolling cloud ;  
And though thou oft didst launch thy bark  
Upon the ocean waters dark,  
And loved 'st the giant waves to breast  
As they had been thy couch of rest ;  
And though in lands far, far away,  
Thou taught'st thy wandering steps to stray,

And gazed on other flowery glades,  
On other fountains and cascades,  
Upon the blue of other skies,  
And drank the beams of other eyes,  
And look'd on other lordly woods,  
And bathed in other limpid floods ;  
Yet every added mile but bore  
Sighs deeper than the sighs before ;  
Nor didst thou cease to sigh, till when  
Thou saw'st thine own loved shrine again,  
And cull'd the flowers and train'd the trees,  
And cleansed the fount's impurities,  
And built, where the pale roses bloom,  
A lonely Poet's future tomb !

Romantic Gerald ! all the streams  
For thee were fill'd with poets' dreams ;

Their murmurs, as they troll'd along,  
Inspired thee with the voice of song ;  
The leaves that flutter'd on the trees,  
To thee were full of witcheries ;  
The viewless winds, as they howl'd by,  
Driving the cloudy barks on high ;  
The wild bee, glancing like a star,  
Winging its flight to heaths afar ;  
The flashing shower, the flaming bow,  
The Autumnal tints, the Winter's snow,  
The bird, the flower, the wave, the world,  
For thee were hourly spells unfurl'd :  
They told thee more than man could tell  
Of Him who is invisible !  
As star-beams mingle through the night  
Swift rays of intermitted light,

And all their myriad splendours blend  
Harmoniously to one great end,  
To make their mingled lights pervade,  
And "counterfeit a sunny" shade ;  
Though if on any star we gaze,  
We still may view its separate rays,  
So bird, beast, flower, and rock, and stone,  
United, spoke of God alone,—  
Of His unfathomable grace,  
That beautifies all earth, all space.  
Thus oft, within this verdant screen,  
He 'd muse on things that ne'er had been,  
And ne'er but in his mind could be,  
Too pure for cold reality.

Hours, days, and months, and years, swept by,  
And still within this spot he 'd lie,

And feed his heart with splendid things,  
The fancy's rich imaginings,  
And call forth glorious shapes, and bring  
Unreal hopes on rainbow wing,  
Too beautiful to last, till fears  
Dissolved those iris hopes in tears,  
And told him things of rarest worth  
Faded the soonest from the earth :—  
So lived he from the world apart,  
His brightest one being his own heart—  
A pure internal world of bliss,  
Unsullied with the sins of this.  
Brief was his life ! but oh ! so pure,  
One wish'd it longer to endure ;  
Yet who so selfishly were given,  
To claim the spirit back from Heaven ?



He knew full well that life to him  
Was like a ripple on a stream,—  
Two or three dimpling smiles, and then  
The stream rolls darkly-deep again :  
So he train'd the jasmine's pliant limb,  
And taught the woodbine how to climb,  
And cull'd around his cherished bower  
Each fragrant shrub and summer flower ;  
And there, where the blanch'd roses bloom,  
Sleeps Gerald in the snow-white tomb !

I've thought with thee in mid-day light,  
I've thought with thee in middle night,  
When soar'd the red sun hot and high,  
And stars like diamonds gemm'd the sky ;  
I've thought with thee o'er hill and dale,  
By glen, by river, and by vale ;

I've thought with thee upon the sea,  
When storms held joyous revelry ;  
With thee I think, where'er I roam,  
No place on earth 's so dear as home.  
A few familiar faces there,  
To drive away obtruding care ;  
As gentle gusts oft grateful rise,  
To waft the rain-cloud o'er the skies :  
A sacred spot to wander free,  
And feel the soul's tranquillity,  
Where worldly sounds could ne'er intrude,  
To break upon our solitude ;  
A few flowers, but to breathe around  
Their sweetness over the profound ;  
A few trees arching overhead,  
To make a grateful cooling shade ;



A bright stream leaping down the slope,  
Gracefully as an antelope,  
Were all that I could wish to have,  
Except, like thee, a quiet grave !  
And oh ! where can my steps incline  
To find a spot more blest than thine ;  
More alien'd from this selfish earth,  
Where man may breathe his spirit forth ?  
Ah ! when this erring life recedes,  
Convey me to these silent meads ;  
Convey me to this sacred spot,  
Unknown, forgiving, and forgot ;  
And here, where the blanch'd roses bloom,  
Lay me near Gerald's peaceful tomb





## MARGARET.

Yes, she was beautiful ! but not that bright  
And breathless beauty that o'erpowers the soul—  
An instantaneous whirlwind of delight !  
Her's were not lips ripe with the ready kiss,  
The cheeks that shame the rose's richest hue,  
The brow whose starry whiteness e'en outshone  
The lustre of the twilight's silver line ;  
Grief had consumed the crimson of her cheek,  
Rifled the roses that were blooming there ;  
And all that loveliness whose sway inspires

Passion and madness in the youthful heart,  
Was, 'neath the blight of sickness and of woe,  
Fled,- like the happiness of other days,  
Remember'd, but unfelt. Still was she fair,  
And in the pensive sweetness of expression  
Most beautiful, unearthly beautiful !  
Her dark eye, full as is the orb'd moon,  
Shone through the tressy shrine that edged it in  
With a most touching melancholy light.  
Tall and aërial was her form, that bent  
Beneath the weight of sorrow, like a flower  
Before the blasts of heaven ; it almost seem'd  
A shadowy frame, transparent to the throes  
Of agony within : her glossy hair,  
Black as the plumage of the raven's wing,  
In clustering masses on her pure white neck



Luxuriantly fell--her pallid brow  
Came from beneath them, placid as a child's :  
The chill tranquillity of grief was there.  
Smiles, like star-beams, play'd upon her lips,  
Whiter than they ; for they had bid adieu  
To all impression, save of prayer to Heaven.—  
Was she not beautiful, unearthly beautiful ?—  
If saint-like aspect, passionless and pure,  
Glances that came like music on the soul,  
Could make her beautiful, then was she so.  
She look'd a bridal virgin of the skies,  
Whose smile could win all erring hearts from sin,  
And make them weep through sweetness of expression:  
A perfect creature, moulded from this earth,  
Yet made for worlds more innocent by far.  
Triumphant virtue, silent suffering,

The power to bear and kiss the chast'ning rod,  
A sweet forgiveness of all others' faults,  
A conscientious sorrow for her own,  
A lip that breathed all melody of sound,  
And sympathizing accent with a friend,  
A heart too tender for this selfish world,  
A mite for charity, a help for all,  
Unmeted piety, and boundless pity,  
Had given her that serene, sublime expression,  
Angels, we're told, possess, and few but they.

She loved ! oh, yes, she loved, most dearly loved !  
For woman's heart, though pure as Spring's first dawn,  
Will, from its very purity alone,  
Be more alive to that divine affection  
That blendeth kindred spirits, makes our joys,

Our hopes, fears, sorrows, all our feelings, one !  
A virtuous heart is like a well-strung lyre,  
For all its tones harmoniously respond  
To the chaste touch that woos its numbers forth.  
'Twas thus with Margaret ! she loved, was loved,  
And in brief time was wedded,—briefer time  
Was widow'd ! and that white rose cheek declared  
The sting of death was piercing her frail form,  
That soon would grace the " Victory of the Grave !"

## THE FIELD OF THE SLAIN.

SAY, stranger, hast thou trod the plain,  
Where slaughter wing'd the tempest's roar?  
Say, hast thou gazed upon the slain,  
Their mangled forms, their brows of gore;  
Their warrior wounds, all, all before,  
Nor mark'd the stern tranquillity  
Of death each pallid visage wore?  
If so, perchance thou 'lt feel with me—



For I have trod the battle scene,

And mark'd the wreck, the ruin there ;

And I have view'd the warrior's mien,

His bosom bloody, pale, and bare ;

And I have mark'd the placid air,

That shone serene through death the while,

Which would not let me shed the tear,

For sterner feelings did beguile.

I thought upon the blaze of fight,

The glorious energy of war,

Of banners streaming proudly bright,

The charge, the crash, the wild hurra !

On victory's unfading star,—

The might, the majesty of man,

Triumphant in his whirlwind car,

The foremost in the battle's van.

Upon my brain, with thunder heat,  
Stern fancy like an eagle came ;  
I thought upon the foemen beat,  
I thought upon the warrior's fame ;  
Then round my heart I felt the flame  
Of glory wind, a magic spell,  
Until I almost spurn'd the name  
Of aught save valour's syllable !

Oh ! who 'd not meet the cannon's blaze,  
Oh ! who 'd not eye the sabre's flash,  
And meet his foeman face to face,  
And revel in the roar, the crash,  
Of battle's fierce terrific dash ?  
No blanching cheek, no quailing eye,  
But, onwards ! onwards !—none are rash  
Who for their country learn to die !



The battle hour is not an hour  
To talk of prudence to the brave;  
It but befits the feeble power  
Of him who is a shrinking slave.  
Warrior! what sayst thou? Would'st thou have  
A foeman fall without thee there?  
Traitor, aroynt! look to thy grave,  
Nor drive a brave man to despair.

Who'd live and see his comrade fall,  
Nor fell the slayer—"do or die?"  
Nay, fly not; Death will sterner call  
Upon thee, coward, as you fly.  
Turn on thy foe a foeman's eye,  
On, onwards to the charge! enhance  
The glory of thy victory:  
Now, warrior, couch thy battle lance!

Yes ! 'tis a stirring thing to brook  
The sight of battle's sanguine plain  
And Nature wears her proudest look  
On visage of a soldier slain ;  
And silence seals the lips in vain,  
For passion prompts the mind to tell  
The inspiring impulse it has ta'en  
Whoe'er upon it dares to dwell !  
The last time that my footsteps trod  
The field of victory and fight,  
Was when War shook her reddest rod,  
And smote the earth with whirlwind might.  
I wander'd 'midst the obscure light  
Of death, for one dark fight was fought ;  
It almost wither'd up my sight,  
To mark the ruin it had wrought.

There lay the foe in heaps around,

Scatter'd like Autumn leaves so wide ;

Victors and vanquish'd slept profound,

In tranquil slumbers, side by side—

And who would warrior foes divide ?

They met like men—like men they fell ;

In Glory's arms immortal died—

And glory is the soldier's spell !

I mark'd one warrior's form upturn'd,

A viewless death had pierced his brow,

Which still enthusiastic burn'd

With battle's high-inspiring glow ;

So swiftly fell the fatal blow,

The features spoke of life in death ;

• But that the extended form below

Moved not a limb, respired a breath.

I turn'd me to another then ;

A phantom flush just tinged the cheek  
As if life would return again ;

But the pale lips ne'er tried to break  
The silence death must ever keep.

And he was green in youth.—Perchance  
Yon maid the mouldering form may seek,  
That perish'd by the foeman's lance !

She comes, she comes ! with silent mien,  
And trembling step, and cheek of woe ;  
Like spirit she treads the fatal scene ;  
Her raven locks around her flow :  
Her glancing eye, with hurried glow,  
Upon each cold corpse gazes oft.  
Ah ! why those lingering looks below,  
Those quivering lips, that voice so soft ? —

So soft !—that shriek !—“ ’Tis he ! ’tis he !

My Hubert ! God of mercy, hear !

Oh, to thy bosom let me flee,

And stretch me on thy bloody bier !

Why died he, and I living here ?

Away, away ! my love, my life !

Thou feel’st not now the startling tear

Of her, thy once, thy widow’d wife !

“ Is there no winged lightning now,

To flash upon my burning brain ?

No hand to cleave my madd’ning brow,

And lay me lifeless on the plain ?

Earth, shroud me with my husband slain !

My life ! my love !—nay, thou ’rt not gone ;

Thou art but sleeping !—Ah, in vain

I call,—I am, I am alone !”

She tore the tresses of her hair ;  
    She flung them to the winds, and fell,  
With one loud shriek of wild despair,  
    Upon his corpse, insensible !  
On scene so sad I could not dwell,  
    And yet ere from the sight I fled,  
I tried some soothing hopes to tell,—  
    Great God ! the desolate was dead !

I wander'd on : a veteran form  
    Lay topmost on a heap of dead :  
He 'd stemm'd the battle's darkest storm,  
    Until his gallant spirit fled :  
A sabre cleaved the hero's head ;  
    He fell, his manly brows to heaven :  
Surely for such a fate, I said,  
    This warrior's sins will be forgiven.

For they who for their country die

Are blest, beyond their brothers blest ;

Their names are breathed on beauty's sigh,

Their memory burns in beauty's breast—

Theirs is a halcyon home of rest ;

Their sons with glory's thoughts are fed ;

Whilst proudly list'ning, 'tis confess'd

Their fathers for their country bled !

Onwards I pass'd, and still beheld

Fresh victims as each step I made ;

Here man and horse, together fell'd,

Told havock's slaughter was not stay'd :

Here did the artillery's wrath invade,

One mass confused of gore all lay ;

For death had slain them in the shade,

Like Sparta's host of former day.

Sabres lay shiver'd, muskets broken,  
Horse lay on man, and man on horse ;  
Each one a dark forbidding token  
Of war that never feels remorse.  
At this point met her deadliest force,  
Squadrons and files together lie,  
Marking the vanquish'd's last resource,  
To find but standing room to die !

Here mangled limbs, and sever'd heads,  
And headless trunks, and pools of blood,  
And features shatter'd into shreds,  
Told more than words of lightning could.  
I mark'd where one stern warrior stood,  
Like sentinel, amidst them all :  
The slain so thickly round intrude,  
Though slain himself, he could not fall.



Another form I leant me o'er ;  
    Across a hueless corpse it lay ;  
The snowy brow was streak'd with gore,  
    Yet tranquil as the breeze of May ;  
And pallid as a starry ray,  
    The lips each other closely press'd ;  
I touch'd the chilly mass of clay,—  
    'Twas woman's, for 'twas woman's breast !

Oh faith heroic, firm and tried !  
    She fought beneath her loved one's eye ;  
And when the youthful warrior died,  
    She but fought on, that she might die.  
Nor lived she long o'er him to sigh ;  
    Death swiftly came with hurtling knell,  
To her a more than victory ;  
    She fell e'en where her loved one fell !

One more I mark'd ; I could not gaze  
Longer upon a scene like this ;  
Though glorious is the battle's blaze,  
It has both misery and bliss.--  
War has its hour of agonies ;  
Yet few there are who would withstand  
His bosom's ardent impulses  
To battle for his native land !

This was a youth with hazel hair,  
His fine face had the olive glow ;  
His head was helmless, gash'd, and bare ;  
The brazen cuirass lay below.  
Both legs were broken by the blow  
Of shot or shell, and he was thrown  
Across the thundering cannon's bow—  
The sword was grasp'd, though soul was flown.

Ah ! what a noble death, I cried,  
Thou glorious youth, for thy young years !  
Who would not slumber by thy side,  
Be wept for with a nation's tears ?  
Away, away, with puerile fears !  
Behold the death-bed of the brave !  
Yon brazen-throated tube appears  
A warrior's true and only grave !

I hied me thence, and wander'd home,  
Impress'd with sadness, though inspired ;  
I thought, though death should be my doom,  
My bosom still by fame was fired.  
Where are the men who e'er desired  
To live and see their country fall ?  
Live they ?—then Death of death is tired :—  
Heaven's curses be upon them all !

## MADALINE.

It was a summer's eve ! a deep red eve,  
Of crimson sunset, and of orange bloom ;  
Within his ruby shrine the God of light,  
Pillow'd with western clouds, had sunk to rest,  
Yet, as if conscious of the slumbering power,  
Flush'd the broad bosom of the saffron sky,  
Incarnadined with glory—gorgeous heaps  
Of massy golden clouds, like burning seas,  
Spread their illumined zones of splendour round ;  
Now forming with their lights a crimson surge,

Now blending with the harmony of earth,  
And calling forth ten thousand autumn tints.  
Upon the far hill-top I lay reclined,  
Watching with glance intense, and thoughts unform'd,  
The waning beauties of the eye of day,  
Till, like the faint flush on an infant's cheek,  
The happy hectic of a tranquil dream,  
One slender spot of crimson but remain'd.  
Then came the gentle eve in full attire ;  
A silvery brightness clothed the slumbering skies,  
And silence, soft as shadows on the sun,  
Bound the subsiding spirit with its spell :—  
The deep umbrageous woods beneath me lay  
Immovable, like giants in a trance ;  
The river swept within their solemn sight,  
Thoughtfully deep with its unruffled wave,

Save when the fan-wing'd swallow smote the stream  
With its white breast, or the lithe fish upsprung  
With treacherous haste to seize the giddy fly—  
Till gliding swiftly round the bosom'd knoll,  
It died away in distance like a smile.  
Before me, in a wide expanse, spread far  
The emerald pastures, checquered with white flocks  
And crimson-fringed daisies—flowers that bloom  
When other flowers are in the red earth's womb ;  
Half garmented with dew, the grassy turf  
Drank the reviving tide, announcing oft  
With intermittent gleams the rising moon ;  
Whilst in the zenith many a twinkling star  
Shed its unmeted happiness around.—  
Yet slight occasion for those countless orbs  
Teaching the night to counterfeit the day ;

For 'twas a summer's eve, a long calm eve,  
Full of reflected sunshine and perfume,  
Rifled by zephyrs from the thousand flowers  
That bathed their foreheads in the fleecy lake,  
Suspended like a raiment over them ;  
Whilst ever and anon clear choral songs  
Melodiously proclaim'd the vesper hymns  
From the embowering birds ; and the shrill hum  
Of some home-faring bee struck on the ear  
With its deep echoing horn ; and murmurs soft  
From the wind-whisper'd leaves and sighing streams  
Told of the season when all darkness dies,  
Or lives but as a mockery to light.

How deep a calm has summer's evening hour,  
When 'tween two worlds of glory and of gloom,

The seal'd up heart contemplative beholds  
The shadowy east and the translucent west ;  
When the slow pulse of night we almost feel  
In our own hearts, and every sigh that comes  
From the dark groves, and through the lonely boughs  
Of some tall isolated pine, but makes  
The solitude and silence deeper still !—  
Oh ! in this awful pause 'tween life and death,  
Dreams of the soul have birth ; and visions bright,  
Like moon-clad clouds, array the spirit's shrine ;  
Earth fades away, and brighter regions break  
On the impassion'd and dream-fringed eye ;  
Bright forms will come and go ; immortal shapes,  
Imprinted on the mirror of the brain,  
Will sail on solemn wing before the sight.  
Nor are such things unreal, fancied forms,



The airy offspring of enthusiast thought.  
No ! in the calm twilight of a summer's eve,  
When all is hush'd, and stars are in the sky,  
And the dull whirling of the abrupt bat  
But interferes between the eye and heaven,  
There is no wildness in these waking dreams,  
These communings of earthly with unearthly,  
These aspirations of the immortal spirit,  
For some brief moments taking, like a dove,  
Its flight to Heaven ; and if, that I believe,  
In hours of silence and of evening prayer,  
That I with spirits intercourse can have,  
What matters it to him whose faith is weak ?

But I am wandering.—On that summer's eve,  
On the hill-top I lay contemplating

The placidness and beauty of the scene ;  
Beneath me woods and waters slumber'd deeply  
In shadowy softness, when, gliding like a ray  
Of truant light, a fairy creature stole  
Beneath the green boughs of a chesnut tree—  
Like the bright spirit of the zenith star  
She came, so silently and so softly.  
Yet nought was she that Heaven might call its own,  
But a frail creature of this nether world,  
Clad with the attire of beauty, like the hue  
Of a spring flower ; a bright-hair'd young gazelle.  
A blanch'd rose-wreath braided her pale brow,  
That bent its starry whiteness to the earth,  
In emulation of its coronet ;  
Her yellow hair, in deep bay'd ringlets, shone  
Like sunny waves, or golden sunset clouds,

And 'neath the tressy shrine of her long lash,  
In soft cerulean beauty calmly roll'd  
The soul-deluding eye ;—the summer rose  
Carnation'd her white cheek, yet oft I mark'd  
The lip would quiver like a ruffled stream,  
Stirred by the breezy sigh in vain suppress'd ;  
And her small billowy bosom quickly beat  
As a most hopeful heart. Onwards she moved,  
Like a star-gilded vapour ; for her form  
Was like the outline of young passion's dream—  
A floating harmony of shape aërial.  
I mark'd her progress stealing through the shades,  
Like daybreak o'er the horizon ; and I drew  
Near her unseen, and at one glance beheld  
Her whom I oft had heard of—Madaline !

The beautiful heart-broken Madaline !  
Whose spirit then would mingle with the winds,  
And in imagination climb the clouds,  
And sing unto the stars, and call on him,  
Her lost one ! Ah ! dearly the maiden loved  
The balmy murmurs of the twilight eve ;  
Her innocent but wilder'd spirit then  
Would revel in the perfume of the flowers,  
Or strip the leaves from some adjacent bough  
And give them to the breeze, singing the while  
Some fragment of a song of shapeless sense  
In tones melodiously disjointed.  
And oftentimes would she weave a rushy crown,  
Spangled with daisies pied, and water lilies,  
And hang it on a wither'd branch ; and there

Within her greenwood bower might ye behold  
Such frail memorials ; some freshly form'd,  
And others, like her mind, half, half decay'd.

Sweet Madaline ! thy tale is short and sad.  
Thy chosen one, a youth of Alpine race,  
Who loved to climb the mountain's fissured sides,  
And scale the glacier's walls of polish'd ice,  
Hunting the nimble chamois ;—He, thy youth,  
Daring, who braved the whirlwind of the hills,  
The ponderous avalanche and dark crevasse ;  
Yet every evening, in thy smiling vale,  
Told to thy listening ear the tale beloved ;  
Or from thy lips stole secrets of thy heart,  
Replacing them with minutes of his own ;  
A naked spirit wander'd o'er the hills



Of Alpine snows ; and since that fatal hour  
Reason, disgusted with this shapeless earth,  
Did build itself a dwelling in the clouds.  
Sometimes she fancied that the flowers contain'd  
The spirit of Pierre ! and she would lie  
For hours together, at the eve's decline,  
Scenting the perfume of their unseen sighs—  
And did the roses close their ruby cups,  
Or the pale lily shut its vase of snow,  
Or purple violet in its leafy bower  
Draw the green curtains of its fragrant couch,  
She'd sprinkle them with bright warm rainbow tears,  
And make them gaze upon her sunny eye,  
And yield the richness of their prison'd cells.—  
And then, perchance, she'd sing a sweet wild song  
Unto them for her love she deem'd enshrined ;

Then suddenly as the winds she'd lift her eyes  
Upon the snowy peaks of Alpine hills ;  
Her large blue orbs in fever'd frenzy fix'd  
Stirless upon them, as if in her heart  
An avalanche were rolling, and had borne  
The body of Pierre within.

Beautiful

And broken-hearted Madaline ! methinks,  
Though time has scatter'd sunshine many a year,  
And borne the various seasons on his wing,  
I still through memory's vista strongly trace,  
As through the twilight haze the evening star,  
Thy melancholy smile, checquering with light  
The mirror of thy heart, as a ripple  
That sparkles in the sunshine, though its waves

Have júst o'erwhelm'd some luckless child of sin.—  
Oh ! I can ne'er forget the wild, wild look  
Of love and desolation graven there !  
A noxious combination, poisoning all  
The fountains of thy spirit ; flinging a blight,  
A cankerous blight, on the heart's early bloom ;  
Monstrous anomaly of things consorted :  
Love fann'd a flame, consuming it to death,  
Whilst Hope, the prism-eyed child, with colours false,  
Still lured her on to feed on phantasy.

Nearer unto the wand'ring girl I drew ;  
For more fantastic in her freaks, she seem'd  
Midst the green woods some fay distemper'd,  
Yet harmless as the birth of Innocence,  
Or the first ray of light that joyous sprung



Amidst the startled clouds. Nigh to a stream  
That from a snow-clad alp had run, where like  
A furious sea congeal'd by magic art,  
E'en in its pride of power the glaciers rose,  
The maiden drew, for there it calmly roll'd  
Its murm'ring wave with diapason swell.  
She sat her down upon a verdant knoll,  
Clad with ten thousand flowers, array'd in vests  
Of silver dew, and gazed upon the stream  
Many long moments with untiring look :  
It seem'd as if she held communion deep  
With its sweet waters ; for I have been told  
That minds in aberration have a power  
To feel refined pleasure in wild dreams  
And superstitious condiments ; as if  
Nature took pity on their wanderings dim,



And turn'd their darkness to a paler gloom.—  
Swiftly as childhood clothes its smiles with tears  
She rose, and spreading her white arms, like beams  
Of twilight over the receding stream,  
She fill'd the passing breeze with this wild song.

## SONG.

River, that runn'st from the mountain of snows,  
Clear is thy water, yet chilly it flows ;  
Such and so clear is the light of my brow,  
But the spirit that feeds it is colder than thou.

River, thou comest from the ice mountain's womb,  
From halls of the frost, from shades of white gloom,

Perchance thou canst tell of Pierre's frozen grave,—  
'T hou'st kiss'd his cold lips, hast thou not, chilly wave ?

Thou hast, for thy surface with ripples is cover'd,  
And I the cold waters of death have discover'd ;  
A portion of him since thou bear'st to the sea,  
River ! with it bear all portions of me.

Thus sung she ; whilst with caution I approach'd,  
Prepared to save her should she strive to seek  
The crystal bowers of the star-gilded waves.  
She took the rose-wreath from her marble brow,  
And hung it on a wild laburnam tree,  
And o'er her bosom crossing her white arms  
Look'd on the brightening skies, and mournful cried,  
“ O stars, ye are a mockery to me !



Your beauty casts a shadow on my heart,  
A darker blackness on my desolation.  
Ye are unfading shrines of peace and love,  
And holy Seraphs wander through your skies,  
(If skies ye have,) singing of joys unceasing.  
Why with your blessed looks thus smile on me?  
Orbs of beatitude!—Immortal bowers,  
And perfumed vales, and purling streams, and shades  
Of rainbow hue, and birds of brightest wing,  
And flowers undying, hills of flaming gold,  
Of carbuncle and diamond, have ye not?  
Have ye not fountains showering silvery streams,  
Lakes of the stainless pearl, and ruby seas,  
Where spirits destined for the higher spheres  
Tarry awhile till summon'd to ascend?  
Then why, ye glorious worlds, on one so sad,

So subjugated to the throne of woe,  
So sever'd by a stream whose waves are fill'd  
With scorpions' stings and vipers' poisonous fangs ;  
Why with your rosy beams thus smile on me,  
And make me curse the lights I cannot love ?  
Hide your transparent shapes, ye twinkling stars ;  
Veil with the sheeted clouds your orb'd forms,  
Nor look so happy upon one so sad."

She ceased, and as forgetful of all else,  
She left the stream and wander'd through the woods ;  
Now singing a most sweet misshapen song,  
Now talking to the trees, the shrubs, the flowers,  
And ever and anon with solemn pause  
Calling upon the spirit of Pierre !  
And thus she sought her home ; for it appear'd  
It was her custom so to wander late

Into the depths of eve, and by that stream  
Sing the same song, and thus address the stars.

O Love ! thou art as chainless as the sea !  
Thy cradle was the winds curtain'd by clouds ;  
Thy canopy the evanescent arch,  
That girdles oft the summer's fleeting storm.  
Thou art all space, all time, all apprehension,  
All circumstance, all action, and all thought :  
Seed-time and harvest thou dost gild the heavens,  
And gem the earth with its unnumber'd flowers—  
'Tis thou dost fill their scented vases with  
The honey dew, to lure the love-sick bee :—  
Thou art the world's great heart, the eye of night,  
The orb of day, the pole-star of the soul :—  
Thou art the blush upon a virgin's cheek,

The smile that lights her lips, the dewy glance  
That steals from out her soul-deluding eye ;  
Thou art the melancholy earthward look  
That bends the manly brow, and makes him rove  
Beside the whimpering stream, or star-clad shades,  
List'ning unto the nightingale : —thou art,—  
What art thou not ?—a beautiful oppressor ;  
A combination of disjointed things ;  
A riotous flow of thought from sweet to sad,  
From rapture to despair ; a foe abhorred,  
Then madly worshipp'd with our heart of hearts !  
“ A perfect monster that the world ne'er saw.”—  
O thou beloved tyrant ! when will cease  
Thy desultory warfare ?—when shall sail  
O'er the smooth surface of a summer sea  
Love's crimson bark, with cloudless skies above,

And one long sunshine of eternal day ?  
Roll on, ye glorious orbs,—ye gorgeous spheres,  
Ye stainless shrines of beauty, roll ye on,  
Silvering the tranquil ether in your course ;  
For when ye change your everlasting rounds,  
Will Love the tyrant's sceptre cease to sway.

Fair Madaline ! Love's victim didst thou die ;  
Thy pulses were consumed by fever fires ;  
Thine eye, that roll'd in frenzy, like a star  
Careering from its height ; thy fine-strung brain,  
Struck with too wild a touch, wither'd at last.  
By slow degrees the lamp of life went out ;  
Yet as the energies of life decreased,  
Reason progressively return'd ; then when



The hour of dissolution came, it seem'd  
Ripened to full perfection : as yon sun,  
With his round ruby orb and rays concentred,  
Mantled with ruddy splendour, sinks beneath  
The horizon of the world ; and the last smile  
That play'd like star-beams on the blanched rose,  
Upon thy pallid lips seem'd to discourse  
With other smiles, unseen by all save thee;  
And the last light that lit thy waning eye,  
From Heaven seem'd borrowed to return again.

Sweet Madaline ! beneath the green grass turf  
Thy gentle spirit sleeps ; the spell's dissolved  
That chained it to the earth, and only now  
The monumental marble, coldly white,

The antique yew-tree's quaint and solemn shade,  
The bashful violet and the pale primrose  
Decking the silent base, proclaim where rests  
Youth, Beauty, Madness ! all of Madaline !—

## MIRIAM.

SWEET Orientalist, I bow to thee,  
As thou dost to the shrine before thee raised  
To Siva the destroyer, dreadful God !  
And as thou deck'st with rites the awful stone,  
I decorate my heart with love ; for who  
On the rich beauty of thy brow can gaze,  
Nor feel within his heart the passion boil,  
Like new-born fountain bursting through the earth ?  
Unhappy Artist ! thy entranced look  
Must have drunk death and beauty in a glance,

---

When thou didst on the enamour'd canvass fling  
The sky-like radiance of that earthless brow.—  
She seems engender'd of the fairest star  
That ever charm'd an Indian summer's sky ;  
Too spiritual to bend the myrtle's leaf  
With her light foot ; some essence of the moon,  
Girdled with sunny dew, array'd with light,  
And dove-like nestling 'neath the Death God's shrine.

Daughter of Brahma! who may look on thee  
Nor feel warm passion feasting at his heart,  
Quaffing deliriously the inspiring draught  
That Love has pour'd from out his diamond urn ?  
Fifteen sweet years, like ripples o'er a lake,  
Have softly circled o'er thy placid brow ;  
The clear pale golden lustre of thy cheeks

Proclaim thee of the highest Indian caste,  
A daughter of the Sun ! born to reflect  
With a more mellow'd glow his splendours back.  
Surely that brow, that calm ethereal brow,  
Glowing with beauty like the midnight moon  
When shrined within a vest of goss'mer clouds ;  
And those dark floating tresses clasp'd behind  
With jewell'd braid, like mimic waves of the sea ;  
And those dark shadowy lines that arch the eyes,  
Clear as the crescent that the cygnet makes  
When first she cleaves the unruffled river's marge ;  
And those black opal melancholy orbs,  
Glancing swift intermitted dewy beams  
With arrowy lustre forth, searching the soul  
As lightning does the deepest depths of earth ;  
Those peach-hued lips, like two thin crimson threads

Of downy silk, or, as the Guava fruit,  
Red, deep red and ripe, and half with bliss unseal'd,  
Disclosing pearly rows like milk-white flowers ;  
That neck ! placid and polish'd as a lake,  
Where the half-moulded bosom gently swells  
Like two small limpid billows ; and that waist,  
Slender and starry as a beam of light ;  
And that bright airy form, those marble limbs,  
Looking as fragile as the anemone flower,  
Too delicate to press ; and those small hands,  
White as if wash'd within the Sea of Pearls,  
Yet faintly rouged as if they fondly clasp'd  
The bright pink rose-bud of sweet Ghazipoor ;  
And those small twinkling feet, like new-shorn lambs,  
So white, so playful, yet so crimson too,  
As if with light unbruising step they'd trod

Upon the Cusca grasses' scarlet buds --  
Were surely all for young Camdeo form'd,  
The blissful Boy-God of thy sunny realms  
And thou art now array'd in sacred garb,  
Mellow'd with smiles to greet his whispering wing,  
To cleave unto his bosom and become  
A portion of his presence ; he of thine—  
Art thou not Psyche ! young Camdeo's Queen ?

The sacred water from thy golden vase  
Thou seem'st to pour upon that holy shrine,  
Those crimson showers of flowery fragrance thrown,  
Scatter'd upon the symbol of the God,  
Shedding an evening perfume richly round,  
Are not for India's brightest Boy of Love.  
That ruby-tinctured vest, with flowers inwrought

Of woven gold ; that shawl, like silver mist  
When tintured by the splendours of the moon,  
Falling like spray from off the shoulders, down  
E'en to the limbs ; the limbs in like array'd,  
Yet faintly seen in bright warm loveliness,  
Where, like rosy summer clouds, the circling blood  
Is welling with delight ; those ankles small,  
Nimble as antelopes, with circlets clasp'd  
Of pearls and pallid gold ; those bracelets twined  
Round the fair ivory wrists ; those ear-rings too,  
Like stars, suspended by the glowing cheeks—  
Declare her destined to more fearful rites,  
Than Love allows at morn or dewy eve !  
Those robes are Siva's ! and those jewels rare,  
That crimson vest that stems the bosom's pride,  
Those golden anklets twinkling near her feet,



Are Siva's !—Siva, cruel God! whose thirst  
Is blood ; whose vulture spirit swoops to steep  
With blood his limbs ; whose sacrifice is blood,  
Whose solemn rites of sepulchre are blood,  
Whose altar's but a fountain of bright blood,  
Whose appetite is immolation—death—  
Destruction, desolation, and despair !

Daughter of Sarawadda ! Beauty's shrine !  
Essence of song, and sunshine, and sweet flowers !  
Embodied presence of seraphic bliss,  
Pure portraiture of creatures up on high !  
That form of loveliness, of light, and life ;  
Those lips whose liquid murmurs dewy fell  
Like melodies of vesper zephyrs, born  
But to break the silence of the heart ;

Those limbs, polish'd as the sacred Vishnoo shell—  
Were dedicated all to that dread God,  
Whose altars flaming, stream with ceaseless blood  
Of the most beauteous creatures of the world !  
Daughter of Sarawadda, Brahma's priest !  
Thou must but wed with one of priestly race ;  
And shouldst thou wed, no widow must remain ;  
But, midst the funeral pile of smoke and flame,  
Mingle thy ashes with thy lord's.

Alas ! the sweetest passion of the soul  
Seems ever born on poison flowers to live ;  
To flourish most where dangers dark intrude.  
Doubts are its daily sustenance, and hope  
The magic spell that lures it on and on.  
Love, a knight-errant arm'd from out the heart,

Springs radiant forth the champion of despair,  
Couches his golden lance with vizor closed,  
And scours the purple field ;—but ah ! unbar  
The jewell'd helm, and thou wilt quickly see  
A pale and lustrous cheek ; a dewy eye,  
That speaks the unutterable hopes and fears  
Of broken hearts and unrequited loves ;  
Affections crush'd, or won at risk of life,  
Chill disappointments, icy-winged woes,  
And all the anguish Love is doom'd to bear.

There came a youth from a far western clime,  
And yet a sun-bright eastern clime itself :  
His form was tall and graceful as the palm,  
Yet strong and active as the bounding pard's ;  
His open brow bespoke a frank free thought,

His large dark eyes, the mirrors of his soul,  
Rain'd glances soft and winning as the light  
That charms an April morn ; his curling lip,  
Arch'd like the Boy-God's bow, was laced with hair,  
Giving a manly beauty to his face.

One summer morn, one Indian summer morn,  
Ere in his dazzling pageantry of light  
The Eastern monarch of unclouded skies  
Mounts on his zenith throne in tyrant pomp,  
Too fierce for man to gaze on, Mirza came,  
And underneath a cocoa's leafy bough  
Reclined in shadow, till the gorgeous gloom  
Of evening fell, with all its ample waves  
Of crimson, green and gold. Not far from thence  
Rose the Destroyer's shrine, and hither knelt  
Miriam, Sarawadda's lovely child.

Her evening rites unto the cruel God

She paid, and strew'd bright flowers and sprinkled  
sweetly

The perfumes round ; and then her brow she turn'd

For the first time, where Mirza stood erect

Gazing intensely on that thing of light.

She turn'd !—her eye of dazzling splendour smote,

E'en as a dagger suddenly unsheathed,

His startled heart ; he sunk upon the earth

And wept : wept like a child, unconscious why !

And she, the bright-hair'd creature of the Sun,

She look'd, and look'd and loved ! as quickly loved

As light follows an eclipse. She knew, alas !

He was not of her caste ; yet what, in truth,

In that wild moment were all castes to her ?

The sun shone upon all, and why not Love ?

But soon the dreadful recollection came,  
And then the horror, agony of heart  
And of forbidden ardent love she felt  
For the first time ; but e'en that agony  
Full soon she loved ; e'en as a child delights  
To play upon a precipice's edge,  
Or trifle with the unsheathed scimeter ;  
So oft before that shrine would Miriam kneel,  
Kneeling with thoughts averted, unresolv'd ;  
For love, not prayer, then press'd upon her heart.  
And oft would Mirza underneath that tree  
Come like a bird embowering in its leaves.

Love has a universal language ! Love,  
E'en as the wing that in all skies can fly,  
A language has that suits all hearts of earth—

A language as unbounded as the sun.

The eyes are Love's own alphabet : who gazes,

Quickly reads and understands ; coy glances

Will syllable unto him, and those looks,

Those downcast, modest, and much-meaning looks,

The children of true virgin bashfulness,

At times half heavenward raised, and then again

Trembling and dewy fix'd upon the ground,

Will be themselves the sweetest Book of Love

That man e'er learn'd to study in.

The rest were brief—those interchanging looks,

Stealing like violets from their secret shrines,

Soon told the talismanic tale—they loved !

She, the young creature whose sole thoughts had been

Devoted to a virgin life by fate ;

A lover of the leaflet and the flower,

A sprinkler of the thirsty grateful plant ;  
Who joy'd to train the parasite that twined  
Gracefully round the shady Amra tree ;  
Follow blue butterflies, or with delight  
List to the warbling melodies of birds,  
Or watch upon the bosom of the stream  
The lotus blossoms, yellow, white, and pink,  
Shining like holy things, float far away,—  
Forgot them all a time, and loved, and wed ;  
In secret wed : and they for hours would lie,  
His head upon her lap, within the grove,  
The sacred grove of Brahma. He would tell  
The tales of foreign climes, and she would curl  
His glossy hair, and kiss his forehead pale,  
And listen to his ruby fountain lip,  
And drink the harmonious waters of his soul





Enchanted ; like the mahdavi plant she 'd cling  
Unto his bosom ; and oft they wander'd to  
The vale of waters, midst the dreamy groves  
Of luscious dates, a shady tamarind,  
Or where the cedars spread their prouder boughs,  
Or amidst pleasant fruits or beds of flowers,  
She singing with her dove-like voice to him,  
He listening with a heart all ear to her.  
And so months pass'd like months of paradise  
Unheeded and uncounted ; one long day  
Of bliss unsatisfied :—it could not last.

There was a mighty pile of cedar raised,  
And precious gums and incense on it thrown ;  
And on the top, in loose white garments dress'd,  
And bound with silken cords, a maiden lay,



Shrined in an arbour of pale wither'd flowers ;  
And by her side another form reclined,  
His cheek to hers, as if a last long kiss  
Should soothe the agonies of such a death.  
There Miriam lay—beside her, Mirza there.—  
Their loves had been detected ; they must die  
A sacrifice to Siva the destroyer !  
But ah ! no bridal jewels deck'd her form,  
“ No bracelets bright were wreathed around her arms,”  
No jewell'd zone, no jewels in her hair,  
No precious otta shed its sweet perfume,  
No cusha grass was clasp'd within her hand,  
No prayers were said, no parting blessing given ;  
But wild and loud the Vin and Citar raised  
Their notes, and trumpets bray'd, and shouts arose,

Lit was the pyre, the mighty flame sprung high,  
One suffocating sob ! and silence all !——

Such was the love of that unhappy girl ;  
And the sole relic of her beauty left  
Is the bright pictured power I gaze upon ;  
And it hath held communion with my spirit,  
Prompted my memory to relate her tale,  
And draw this humble portrait of the Dead !



# THE LAST LOOK ;

OR,

THE MOTHER !

WHAT must thy heart, when it's desolate, do ?

Look unto God who looks upon you !

Fasting and prayer and the bended knee

Tell of the soul's humility.

Let the brow be raised, and the knee be bent,

And the lowly prayer from the lips be sent,

And He who looks on the world below,

Will soothe thy sorrow and heal thy woe.

Oftentimes grief, in our happiest hours,

Comes on the heart like mildew on flowers,

Blighting the blossoms that seem only born  
To blush in the sunbeam and brighten the morn.  
But Sorrow and Joy are twin sisters, and dwell  
In the bower of the heart like pearls in the shell ;  
For grief, like the fire of the furnace, we 're told,  
Takes dross from the metal and leaves the pure gold :  
So the heart when 'tis smote by adversity's rod,  
Is the farther from earth, but the nearer to God !

The few brief hours that I had been  
Upon life's shadowy, sunny scene,  
Gazing upon the bright blue sky  
With speechless, hush'd tranquillity,  
Had fill'd me with such joys as those  
Experience ignorant of woes.  
The glory of the golden skies,  
The sunset's panoramic dyes,

The grandeur of the mountain height,  
Where storms and eagles wheel'd their flight ;  
The sacred calm of quiet vales,  
Telling the soul the holy tales  
Of innocence and sinless hours ;  
The beautiful bright-blossom'd flowers,  
Those Fairies of the earth, that seem  
Mirrors for every morning beam,  
So full of witchery, free from guile,  
As if they were but made to smile  
Upon the lights that day unbars,  
Or greet with perfume all the stars :  
Silvery streams and emerald woods,  
And the vast ocean's boundless floods—  
These, these I loved ; but most revered  
The time when evening hours appear'd,

And silent stars subdued the skies ;—  
I deem'd them gentle seraphs' eyes,  
Or tears of penitents placed there,  
To lure the living lips to prayer.—  
O Evening ! thou wert surely given  
To typify that middle Heaven  
The soul is doom'd awhile to feel,  
When Death has set his icy seal  
Upon the ardent spirit's lips ;  
O beautiful and bright eclipse !  
Heralding that eternal rest,  
Where life is pure, and all is blest.

O holy Eve ! how oft have I  
Roam'd in the silence of thy sky !  
And look'd into thy quietness  
With my hush'd heart's own silentness,

And listen'd to thy murmurs deep,  
Coming from woodland bower and steep;  
For haunted grove and secret springs  
Were fill'd with thy soft whisperings—  
Mysterious sounds like falling showers,  
As if the perfume of the flowers  
Were toying with each other's sweets.  
Perchance the bashful violet greets  
The primrose from her secret shade ;  
Or lily from her emerald shrine,  
Sighs to the graceful eglantine ;  
Or ruby rose, with fragrance meek,  
Breathes on the blanch'd one's pearly cheek ;  
Perchance from their ethereal bowers  
The stars are dallying with the flowers ;  
Wooing with murmurs soft and deep  
Their little hearts half lull'd by sleep.



O Evening, Evening! thou 'rt to me  
Attired with a divinity;  
My soul with thoughts so deeply fill'd,  
'Tis like a fount by frost congeal'd;  
I have not words from out my heart  
To tell how beautiful thou art!

I little deem'd when Nature gave  
The wood, the mountain, and the wave,  
That there could be for life's increase  
Aught save sweet happiness and peace.  
But waves before the storms are driven,  
And mountains are by earthquakes riven,  
And whirlwinds lay the green woods low,  
And man is born to sin and woe,

And Earth, with all her scenes divine,  
Alas ! is but pale Sorrow's shrine.

My Mother !—she was all to me,  
And I was all to her ; she gave  
My heart its purest energy,  
As parent fountain gives its wave.

I was the blossom of her bower,  
The only sunshine of her hour,  
Her chosen oratory, where  
Was breathed her truest, deepest prayer.

Ah ! how I loved her holy smile,  
That like a starbeam o'er her face  
Seem'd fill'd with blessings to beguile,  
And make us love to win her praise.

Her presence was to me a spell,

And much I joy'd to bask within it ;

Its influence made my heart-pulse swell

More joyfully each passing minute.

I was a very bird when she

Look'd on me with her eye of light,

And spread my Iris wing in glee,

And frolick'd in her blessed sight.

'Twas she who watch'd my early prime,

And taught me to discourse with time ;

She watch'd the infant plant expand,

And train'd the branches with her hand,

And pluck'd the dead leaves from the stem,—

For what had youth to do with them ?

She was the magnet that allured,

And all my waywardness endured,



Attracting still with pliant power,  
As lures the bee the blooming flower,  
Conscious that it has charms within  
To tempt it to its honied shrine.  
She was in every word and deed  
A saint, in aspect and in meed ;  
Her look serene and long-lash'd eye  
Spoke less of earth than of the sky,  
As if she but held converse here  
Awhile, then sought the upper sphere ;  
As seeks a time our summer shore  
The swallow, and is seen no more.  
Around her lips sweet smiles did glide  
Like ripples o'er a sunny tide,  
And on her brow benignant shone  
The virtues she had made her own.



The brow is mirror to the heart,  
And fails not ever to impart  
The images of thoughts within :  
As from the flow'ret's inward bloom  
The breeze is pregnant with perfume,  
And carries sweets to many a scene.

Mother ! 'twas thou, with holiest power,  
Bade me behold the things of Earth ;  
Told me how grew the summer flower,  
Who gave the summer flower its birth ;  
Whence the green drapery of woods,  
The majesty of ocean floods ;  
Who bade the Alpine heights upspring  
To greet the blue sky's Sovereign ;  
Who gloriously His presence spread  
In solemn grandeur overhead ;



Proud anchorite, through worlds unknown  
Supreme, gigantic, and alone.  
'Twas thou who made my heart be stirr'd  
By melody of woodland bird ;  
For it was given e'en by Him  
Who fills the lips of seraphim.  
The plain, the valley, and the rock,  
Had each for thee a charm that spoke  
Into my bosom from thine own :  
Oh ! how I hung upon each tone  
That, like the Nizam's fleecy shower,  
Came pearl-like to my heart's warm bower,  
When thou didst at the hour of night  
Show me the countless orbs of light  
Like hosts of angels ; didst declare  
Who made them all so bright and fair,

So pure, so brilliant, and how far  
From Him still roll'd each beauteous star,—  
That, lost in wonder and in love,  
I scarce dared raise my eyes above :  
Fearful as a young bird to try  
The presence of the upward sky.  
These, with a thousand things most blest,  
My Mother all my thoughts impress'd,  
Freshening my heart, as night-dew falls  
Upon the parch'd flower's coronals.

Alas ! these years too swiftly pass'd,  
They were too happy long to last ;  
For things of rarest worth soon die,  
Too pure for aught beneath the sky ;  
They have a natural wish to flee  
To whence they came and are to be.



All things have sympathy of sound,  
Virtue in Heaven is only found ;  
With eagle spirit it seeks the sun,  
Happy but when that eyrie's won !

I mark'd my Mother's years decline,  
Trembled her lips when press'd to mine ;  
Her brow grew pale as twilight's hue,  
Her eye had a more brilliant blue,  
Approaching nearer in its tone  
To what above we look upon :  
The bloom was perishing on her cheek,  
Like evening's last tint, but more meek ;  
Yet, ah ! as fell the shades of night  
Her soul's twin stars were full of light,  
Burning more brightly every hour,  
Like glow-worms by a withering flower.



O how she look'd upon her child,  
How beautifully upon him smiled,  
A look fill'd with a thousand rays  
Of thought, which voice in vain essays  
To utter, as the stars on high  
Shed speechless glory round the sky.  
At times upon her cheeks there came  
The warmth of the internal flame,  
Bringing a sacred crimson there,  
From ardour of unceasing prayer.  
She had the hue, the holy gloom,  
The depth of evening's final bloom,  
Telling of glory in its wave,  
Here never to return again.  
Oft would she place her hand in mine,  
Speaking to me of things divine,



And words which from her lips were given  
Like scattered rays of light from Heaven.  
She said, " As flowers were valued less  
For their external gaudiness  
Than for their perfume pure and rare ;  
So man's external, proudest air,  
Were unto Him who wings the storm,  
As worthless as the poorest worm.  
The humble, modest flower," she said,  
" That hides beneath the leaf its head,  
And sheds upon the evening skies,  
Unseen, its sweet retiring sighs,  
Will sooner far the heart possess,  
E'en for its very bashfulness—  
So He who in his power unrolls  
His glory to the distant poles,

Accepts on His benignant part  
The offerings of a humble heart."  
Such and the like blest sounds I heard  
From her, like charmed waters pour'd,  
Rolling their golden tribute rife  
To the ocean of eternal life !

My Mother died ! and could it be  
That I was all alone on earth ;  
Cold was the dear parental knee,  
That nursed me at my hour of birth ;  
Closed were those eyes that were so blue,  
So fondly, brightly, on me shone ;  
Wither'd those lips of ruby hue  
That oft had bless'd me with their tone ?

Alas ! the world was left behind,  
But she who was my world had gone,  
To where the first creation shone,  
Where first was felt th' Eternal's mind.  
What were the song of birds to me ?  
She lived not now their songs to share ;  
My heart was full of misery,  
I had no joy for grief to share.  
I was a thing apart from all,  
Desolate as a Polar Isle,  
Whose sky is but a frozen pall,  
Whose smile is not a sunny smile ;  
My heart was barren as its shore,  
With grief's salt sea-weed cover'd o'er.  
I spurn'd the emerald plain, I spurn'd  
The flower that in the garden grew,

My soul at sight of all things mourn'd, .  
They brought my Mother to my view.  
I sat me by the river's side,  
I saw it run like Hope away ;  
I sought the green wood's branching pride,  
I was too miserable to pray.  
My heart was like a heart of stone,  
That has a fire within it nurst,  
Boils the hot blood, the pulse beats on,  
And hard it tries to weep or burst ;  
But 'tis so desolate, so curst,  
It cannot weep, it cannot burst.

Ere silently the dark train took  
My Mother to her lowly rest,  
They told me I must take one look,  
One last long look upon the blest.

They led me, for I did not care  
How much I revell'd with despair ;  
They led me, and they left me there.  
I look'd within my heart for prayer ;  
My heart was in a dark eclipse,  
No prayer came murmuring through my lips ;  
My face it had a stagnant mood,  
'Twas like the moon changed into blood,  
Red, frozen red, as if the heart  
Had changed its place to act its part.  
I tried to kneel me down ; I fell  
    Upon my knees, I could not stand,  
Nor e'en with one look dared to dwell  
    Upon the dead. The icy hand  
Then tremblingly I strove to touch :  
    Great God ! so coldly did it meet

My own that had loved it so much,  
I started upright on my feet,  
And my fix'd look of voiceless woe  
Fell on my Mother's form below,  
Looking so sweetly as she slept,  
I fell upon her face and wept ;  
Wept the loud grief pent up so long,  
And to her pale lips wildly clung,  
That almost the tears as they dropp'd below  
Were frozen upon her cheeks of snow.  
Calmly as in the evening hours  
The sunshine looks upon the flowers,  
Peace look'd into my heart, and brought  
The tranquil and the holy thought,  
Dissolved the ice around my heart ;  
Those tears had made my feelings start



To life, and I was almost blest  
To find sweet Nature in my breast,  
Arching her Iris bright and fair  
Through all its showery atmosphere.  
E'en as a young spring storm that flies  
Clouding the blue of sunny skies,  
When it has shed its threatening rain  
Departs, and all is bright again,  
Save a few scatter'd cloudy isles  
Through which the glad sun gaily smiles :  
So when those tears of grief I'd shed  
O'er her they told me now was dead,  
Tears like the thunder rain brought forth  
In one vast deluge upon earth,  
I felt like sinner newly shriven  
Filled with the holy calm of Heaven :



My heart was still as summer eves,  
When scarce a zephyr stirs the leaves,  
And all the pleased eye can behold  
Are small clouds zoned with green and gold,  
Seeking the sun God's secret shrine,  
Robed with his vesper hues divine;  
I felt unto my soul was given,  
The peace, the blessed peace of Heaven.

Upon my Mother's face I gazed,  
And her chill marble hand I raised :  
The same sweet sacred look was there ;  
Life seem'd to have left her lips in prayer,  
For they did seem to pray, and press'd  
Each other like two smiles at rest—  
Unruffled smiles we sometimes see  
Imaged in warm reality,

Playing on features bright yet grave,  
Like silver ripples on the wave.  
Upon her cheek there was the dye,  
The rose-hue of an Indian sky,  
Just as the sun has gone to rest,  
As her heart was within her breast.  
I kiss'd her cold cheek's blessed bloom,  
'Twas chilly as my father's tomb !  
I kiss'd her lips, that oft would kiss  
My own with deep maternal bliss :  
Alas! they echoed not mine now,  
Loved, lonely spirit, where wert thou ?  
Hovering, perchance, o'er thine own clay,  
As lingers light when fled the day ;  
Or else upon celestial wing  
Over thine own child lingering,

Blessing him from thy heavenly screen,  
As perfume comes from flowers unseen.  
Where'er thy spirit was, I bent  
Over its time-worn tenement,  
And the large tears roll'd thick and fast ;  
I thought upon the cherish'd past,  
When those closed eyes, divinely bright,  
Cheer'd me with their parental light ;  
When those pale arms, so stiff and cold,  
So oft around my neck would fold,  
Till I my Mother's heart could feel,  
Pulsing a love nought might conceal.  
But all was over now ;—in vain  
I tried the spirit to regain,  
That once like light of heaven illumed  
The frame where all my joys were tomb'd.

One last, long lingering look I gave  
Upon the victory of the grave,  
Too happy had Death deign'd to bring  
To me the terrors of his sting.  
One last long lingering look !—'twas o'er,—  
Mother !—O God, she was no more !  
I had no Mother ! had no kind  
Save images within my mind,  
Reflecting with the mirror's power  
The blessings of a by-gone hour.  
I tore myself away,—'twas done,—  
Orphan was now the widow's son !  
Grief all impressions from him took,  
Save his lost parent's last long look,  
Which spoke, whilst with dark woe he strove,  
Of God's unutterable love !



**MINOR POEMS.**

**PART II.**



## THE EARTH'S LAST HOUR.

'Twas one of Autumn's eves,  
When the year was fading fast,  
And the sear and yellow leaves  
Were bickering in the blast;  
And the winds were whirling high,  
And shouting wildly loud,  
Across the cold grey sky  
Driving the shatter'd cloud :  
To sleep my head I bow'd,  
And dreams obscure soon came



Upon me like a shroud  
Of rolling fog and flame.

A vision to me rose  
Of the trembling world's decay :  
Methought yon sun that glows,  
In darkness died away ;  
Then suddenly appear'd,  
Before my sight it stood,  
But oh ! its disk was rear'd,  
Like a red spot of blood ;  
The melancholy brood  
Of owls and bats rush'd forth,  
They deem'd the day the solitude  
Of night again on earth.

No light was in the sky,

That round red orb alone

Roll'd hueless—hopeless by,

A spectre on a throne.

Darkness and Silence lay

Obscure, and thick, and dread ;

Earth had all but pass'd away—

The spirit of man was dead.

No stars were overhead,

The moon had lost her place,

Her wandering rays so wildly shed,

Flush'd like a murderer's face.

The mountain peak that shone

Like star in middle sky,

Now dark, severe and lone,  
    Flung its bleak point on high :  
The mighty forests sere  
    And motionless confess'd,  
The whirlwind's voice of fear  
    Was calm as ocean's breast ;  
Which stagnant as a pest,  
    And stirless as the grave,  
Felt nought to break its deadly rest,  
    Or rouse its dying wave.

No ships were on the sea,  
    But many a scatter'd mast  
Mark'd where such things might be,  
    And where such things had pass'd ;

To the bottoms of the deep,  
To rot upon the shore,  
Where the surges ceased to sweep,  
Where the wild winds ceased to roar.  
Methought that never more  
Would the ocean feel the storm ;  
The hand of Death was o'er  
Its huge and waveless form.

And monsters many there,  
I gazed on from the land,  
They lash'd the sea in fierce despair,  
Plunged headlong on the strand.  
The dead lay thickly round,  
The dying gasp'd for breath,

Ever and anon a sound

I heard, the sound of death ;

And deep moans from beneath,

Came upwards with wild noise ;

Some spirit to me saith,

“ 'Tis Ocean's dying voice !”

To land I turn'd me then,

And cities many view'd ;

There man had ceased to reign,

All things save Solitude.

The shadows of decay

Were over all below ;

Obscure and dark they lay,

Like gloomy shrouds of woe.

The streams forgot to flow,  
    Their thirsty beds were parch'd,  
The flowers had ceased to blow,  
    The beauteous plains were scorch'd !

The lion lay beside  
    The lamb in peace and dread ;  
The Tiger's rage had died,  
    He cower'd and trembling laid  
Him down to gaze on high,  
    Beside the kid in fear ;  
For darkness dimm'd his eye, —  
    He knew that death was near.  
The birds of prey, that steer  
    Their course up to the sun,

Beside the doves appear ;  
They felt their flight was done.

There was no light around,  
Except the Orb of day,  
And he in blood was drown'd,  
His beams were swept away.  
But ever and anon  
The faint Volcano rose,  
With dying brightness shone  
Upon the earth's repose.  
The world was near its close,  
Eternity was come ;  
E'en methought I felt the throes  
Of the quick earthquake's womb !

Then hovering in the air  
A sceptred form I saw ;  
His face was like Despair,  
His lips were breathing awe ;  
He smote his pallid horse,  
His lightning lance he whirl'd,  
With all a demon's force  
Full at a fading world.  
In vain the lance he hurl'd,  
It left his arm no more,  
The snakes in terror curl'd,  
Death knew his reign was o'er.  
  
Mountains and vales, methought,  
Then melted from my sight ;



The sun a whirlwind sought,  
It grew as black as night ;  
The cities were o'erthrown,  
The ocean was no more ;  
The earth in fragments strewn,  
Dissolved with dreadful roar,  
And darkness dim and hoar  
Spread round its swarthy power ;  
I knew that all was o'er,—  
This was the world's last hour !

O God ! how felt I then,  
In my agony of heart ?  
A fire was in my brain,  
When I saw the sun depart.

The sweat was on my brow,  
My eyeballs flamed with fire,  
When came the dreadful blow,  
And I watch'd a world expire ;  
I struggled to respire,  
I heard a trumpet roar,  
I shriek'd with madness dire, •  
I shriek'd—my dream was o'er !

TO —.

OH, didst thou ever gaze upon the deep rich crimson  
bloom

Of Evening, when she sheds around her shadow and  
perfume,

When scarce a silken zephyr sighs, and not a sound  
is heard,

Save tinkling fountain welling near, or voice of lonely  
bird,

When twilight draws her line of light along the vesper  
sea,

And stars! those barks of bliss above, with sails are  
swelling free,

And tranquil murmurs musing steal beneath the deep  
red sky,

And all is peace where'er we turn the contemplative  
eye?

In such a holy hour as this, when the hush'd heart  
is still,

And the crimson tide within flows like a coral rill,

'Tis sweet to wander then and watch the starry  
realms above,

When love is all we look upon, and all below is  
love:

When no cloud is on the heart, and no cloud is on  
the sky,

And sweet sounds whisper to the soul from seraphs  
shrined on high,

That calm intense that speaks and tells more elo-  
quently far,  
Than were the shouts of millions raised and roll'd  
from star to star.

A calm that almost makes us pray; a holy calm of  
prayer,  
That prompts the soul, like fount, to fling its waters  
on the air;  
And all the darker feelings ebb, like ocean's gloomy  
tide,  
Or into placid beauty turn, as clouds the moon beside.  
O wander forth with me, my love! O wander forth  
with me,  
And launch the vessel of thy thoughts on yonder  
crystal sea :

Look through the purple gloom of Eve, unto the zenith  
bright,

For whilst thou look'st on heaven thyself, thou'rt  
heaven unto my sight !

See, how I pluck this crimson flower ! 'tis bathed in  
vesper dew,

It sparkles like thy blushing cheek with rich and  
modest hue :

And oh ! the liquid on its leaf so frosty that appears,  
'Tis like thy cheek of beauty too, when pearl'd with  
sorrow's tears.

And see this glow-worm in thy path, that flings its  
radiance wide,

'Tis like thy brow of pleasantness in summer's glow-  
ing pride.

And hark! the lyrist of the Eve, whose pausing notes  
we hear;

They 're like thy tones, most musical that revel in the  
ear!

O come with me and gaze on stars, and scent the  
dewy flowers,

And listen to the waterfalls that lull the lapsing  
hours :

Come watch with me yon river glide, "like happiness  
away,"

And how yon mountain peak almost anticipates the  
day :

O come with me beneath the shade of yonder dusky  
wood,

Nay —closer cling unto my heart, nor fear its solitude ;

For, though the settled sun has shed a deeper darkness there,

Its very stillness communes with the heart that throbs  
with prayer !

Then come with me, thou cherish'd one, and I to  
thee will tell

Where angels plume their diamond wings, where  
cherub, seraph, dwell,

Who through yon jewell'd shrine of night, that  
spreads its fane above,

Rolls orb on orb in glory forth, in plenitude of love :

Who in his clasped hand upholds the sun's majestic  
sway,

Who says unto the night, " Go forth—go forth"  
unto the day !



O come with me, my cherish'd one, there's peace unto  
us given,

The prayer is pausing on our lips ! let's waft it up  
to Heaven !

## HANNIBAL'S OATH.

UPSPRINGS the altar's blaze,

The red light rises high,

Around the priest arrays

The victims that must die.

Clasp'd hands are stretch'd towards heaven,

The roused flame fiercer glows,

The blow of death is given,

The victim's dark blood flows.

A murmuring sound ascends,  
Like hum of clustering swarms,  
Through the dim grove it wends,—  
Tremble its leafy charms.  
Loud and more loud it springs,  
Like the congregated roar  
Of ocean's revellings,  
When the storm-clouds sternly soar.

'Tis the chorus solemn sounding  
Through the leaf-gloomy wood,  
'Tis the holy hymn resounding  
Through the dusk solitude ;  
Then sudden silence comes  
Like calms upon the sea,  
Or twilight's dewy plumes  
O'er eve's tranquillity.

There stands a man with brow  
Right lofty and serene,  
On the swart forehead's glow  
Deep passion may be seen :  
His breast is iron-cased,  
A helm is in his hand,  
And one a sword embraced  
Whose point is in the sand.

A fair boy stands beside,  
Green in the growth of years,  
His lip is breathing pride,  
The pride that glory wears.  
He as a warrior wore  
The sword, the helm, and plume ;  
And this very hour he swore  
Eternal hate to Rome!

Low to the earth he bows,  
Then rises fix'd as fate,  
By every power he vows  
Immitigable hate :—  
“ By the God of life and light !  
By the God of death and doom !  
By the God of war and might !  
Eternal hate to Rome !”

## THE BURIAL OF BYRON.

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—*Ingenio stat sine morte decus.*—PROPERT.

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WHAT spirit stirs my throbbing heart,  
And makes th' impassion'd pulses burn?  
Stranger! these trembling tear-drops start  
O'er Byron's urn!

He died, as few like him have died,  
And pass'd to other worlds away;  
For Greece his mighty spirit sigh'd—  
His solar ray!

Rude was the coffin-couch that bore  
That portion which the earth might claim,  
There lay the helm where erst he wore  
The wreath of fame !

Borne by his warrior-band along  
Through silent crowds, whose hearts alone  
Spoke with pulsations deep and strong  
The spirit's tone—

They placed him on the funeral bier,  
And sung the antient anthem o'er him,  
Whilst on the pall fell many a tear  
From those that bore him !

Desolate was the place within

Where lay his cold and mortal parts,

But warriors knelt around the shrine

With sobbing hearts !

Beneath his bier were heroes laid :

Norman ! Bozzari ! did ye share

The impulse of the mighty dead

In presence there ?

Did your heroic spirits take

A portion of his spirit then,

And from their narrow cells awake

For Greece again !



Ah, no ! ye could not quit the shroud,  
But ye did give to those who stood  
Upon your laurell'd graves and bow'd,  
In warrior mood,

A loftier feeling, swelling high  
The hearts of those who weeping there  
Gazed on the wreck of chivalry,—  
His funeral bier !

Arise, thou Grecian sire, and bend  
Before his sacred urn, nor sever  
His spirit from thy child's, but blend  
It for ever !

And 'midst the burst of war, the flame

Of fearful fight, or gentle peace,

Tell him, when speaking of his mane,

He died for Greece !

## THE PHANTOM OF THE WORLD.

SHROUD, shroud your sights, ye thoughtless crowd,  
And bend your brows in fear ;  
The bony Phantom shouts aloud,  
His banner is the snow-white cloud,  
A blood-red beam his spear—  
Shrill hurtling sounds before him fly,  
From naked spirits in the sky.

He spurns the winds, his crimson steed,

He plunges, foams, and bounds :

His flaming neck the lightnings feed,

The thunders cheer his printless speed,

And hail him with their sounds.

His tail streams like a shiver'd sun,

His eye ! no eye may gaze upon !

His nostrils are a roaring fire,

The whirlwind is his breath,

He cleaves the clouds with snortings dire,

Earth shrinks beneath his deadly ire,

Thou warrior-horse of Death !

The Phantom Sovereign sits on thee,

The grave's tremendous Deity !

His eyeless, fleshless, hueless form,  
Sits terrible and stern ;  
His scalpless skull with skulls is crown'd,  
His rattling bones are bleach'd and brown'd,  
With age he seems to spurn.  
And shrieks and sighs and wailings come  
To hail the Monarch of the tomb !

Fall down, old age ! I warning call,  
Thy locks are thin and grey,  
On thee his icy shadows fall,  
On thee he drops the slimy pall,  
And hurries thee away ;  
Down on your knees, old age—down, down,  
Nor gaze upon his withering frown.

Youth ! sparkling as the sunny wave,

Thy vernal strength is vain ;

The tyrant who disdains to save,

Will hurl thee headlong to thy grave,

As by a whirlwind ta'en.

Down on thy knees, thou know'st not when

Thy morrow may return again !

Warrior ! ah trust not to thy might,

Poise not thy lance of fear ;

A victor meets thee in the fight,

Shrivels thy strength, sears up thy sight,

With his blood-beaming spear !

Warrior ! restrain thy scornful breath,

Thou cop'st not with the arm of Death !

Beauty ! thou fair, thou radiant child,  
Whom Heaven loves to behold ;  
Death will not be by thee beguiled,  
Though, couldst thou once have on him smiled,  
He 'd loosed thee from his fold ;  
But he is sightless—cannot see,  
Or else had never struck at thee !

King ! tremble in thy pride of state,  
Thy sceptre, dove, and orb,  
Which thou dost proudly elevate,  
Than thee will have a longer date—  
The Fates thy pomps absorb !  
Dash down thy crown, thy robes consume,  
And bend before the King of Doom !

Thou, clothed with earth's felicity,  
    And girt with splendid pride ;  
The insatiate foe shall level thee,  
Give to the grave thy vanity,  
    The poor man by thy side —  
Power, pomp, and riches, but provoke  
The Terrible's impartial stroke !

Thou man of sorrows ! thou subdued  
    By ills unnumber'd given ;  
Death sweeps aside thy solitude,  
His lightning-glance doth but intrude  
    To light thy path to heaven !  
Thy poverty and sorrows cease,  
When hurl'd at thee his lance of peace.



O shroud your sights, ye thoughtless crowd,

And bend your brows in fear ;

The fleshless tyrant shouts aloud,

His banner is a snow-white cloud,

A blood-red beam his spear—

That waveless banner is unfurl'd

Of him, the Phantom of the World !

## **“ ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR !”**

**“ ANGELS ever bright and fair !”**

**Fondly fluttering through the air,**

**Cleaving to your kindred skies,**

**Raining goodness from your eyes :**

**Tell me, radiant creatures, when**

**Will ye visit earth again—**

**Girdle with a rainbow span**

**The revolving realms of man ?**

**Hither on the wings of air,**

**“ Angels ever bright and fair !”**

I have gazed on heaven above,  
Surely 'tis a land of love!  
Curtain'd with a silver veil,  
Pillow'd by the balmy gale,  
With its isles of sapphire blue,  
With its tints of crimson hue,  
With its lines of light untold,  
Like streams rolling over gold ;  
Oh ! it is a place most rare,  
“ Fit for angels bright and fair !

Gentle sisters of the skies,  
Watching where the spirit flies ;  
Harbingers of blessed fate,  
Keepers of the azure gate,

Come upon your thousand wings,  
Musical as mountain-springs ;  
Come like a soft shower of stars,  
Which the light of eve unbars ;  
Come, your holy hymns prepare,  
“ Angels ever bright and fair !”

Wander we at dewy morn,  
Angels all our paths adorn ;  
Wander we at eventide,  
Unseen angels with us glide ;  
Every murmur to us sent,  
Is from angel ministrant,  
Whispering to some seraph bright,  
Thoughts of love and pure delight ;

Hither to your earthly care,

“ Angels ever bright and fair !”

When to sleep the world recedes,

And on dreams the fancy feeds,

Angels vigils o'er us keep,

Till we almost long to weep,—

Long to weep o'er vision'd bliss

Felt not in a world like this.

Come, ye essences divine,

Guarding the Eternal's shrine,

Through yon clouds my spirit bear,

“ Angels ever bright and fair !”

Hours of life ! slowly decaying ;

Hours of joy ! so long delaying ;

Quicker speed be to ye given,  
Lo, the beauteous fane of Heaven!  
Mantling clouds of glory bound it,  
Countless orbs of light surround it,  
Swifter spread your lazy pinions,  
Up, up unto His dominions :  
Haste, my couch of life prepare,  
“ Angels ever bright and fair !”

## **THE HOUSE OF PRAYER !**

**THERE** is a shrine beneath the cloud,  
Where knees are bent and heads are bow'd ;  
Where sufferings cease and joys arise,  
And all is hope beneath its skies.

**The House of Prayer !** it is a house  
Not built by hands, but pure and bright  
As are the crystal wilds of air,  
Or starbeams in the middle night.

The House of Prayer's the human heart,  
When it is tuned to songs of Peace;  
Whence hopes arise and fears depart,  
True bliss is born and sorrows cease.

Thou of the shadow'd brow and eye,  
Bent to the earth despondingly,  
Know'st thou not for thy despair,  
Mourner! there is a House of Prayer?

Thou, orphan, with thy cheek so pale,  
Thy hurried sob and voice of wail,  
O learn a lonely heart to bear,  
Orphan! there is a House of Prayer!



Thou, stript of all thy pomp and state,  
Forgotten, spurn'd, and desolate,  
Bow'd low with many a cankering care,  
Desolate ! there 's a House of Prayer !

Thou of the sable weed, whose heart  
Seems almost of the tomb a part,  
Why, grief-clad, fill with sighs the air ?  
Mourner ! there is a House of Prayer !

Thou frail, degraded, lost one ! thou  
Who earthward turn'st thy burning brow,  
Weeping o'er hours that once were fair ;  
Repentant ! there 's a House of Prayer !

O but within this mansion bend,  
A dove-like glory shall descend,  
And ye its healing powers shall share,  
Haste, mourners, to the House of Prayer !

**GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS ;**  
**OR, THE STONE OF THE SWEDE.**

It was a glorious hour,  
As on that eve I stray'd,  
And watch'd the dewy flower  
Hang its enamell'd head ;  
The winds were whispering low,  
Like a suppressed moan,  
But the pale moon's empyrean glow  
Fell on the warrior's stone !

I mark'd its rude grey form,  
Worn by the waste of time,  
Round its base crawl'd the slimy worm—  
Higher it dared not climb.  
Up, up from the plain it rose,  
Lonely, severe, and stern,  
The type of a warrior's woes,  
Type of a kingly bourne.

All round was vast and bare,  
All round was dark and drear,  
The earth knew not the ploughman's share,  
For royal blood stream'd here !  
Fought was the fight and won,  
Immortal blood was shed,

But when arose the morrow's sun  
'Twas on the royal dead !

A helmet girt his brow,  
A coronet his crest,  
The snow-white plume was drooping low  
Upon his mailed breast !  
And fast within his hold  
The broken sword was found,  
For he fell like a warrior bold,  
With all his peerage round !

His armour's iron plate  
Was hack'd and hew'd and rent,  
And the closed visor's steel-ribb'd grate  
Was with dark blood besprent.

'Midst heaps of dead he lay,  
Thickly as showers in spring,  
Alas ! the spirit had pass'd away  
Of Sweden's mighty King !

Upon this glorious field  
His banner was unfurl'd,  
He had fair freedom for his shield,  
And he wore it for the world !  
He fell as Freedom falls,  
With red right arm on high,  
And his faint voice's dying calls  
Still shouting liberty !

Lutzen's bloody plain,  
Lutzen's arid heath,

Incarnadined with the slain,  
Beheld the rout of death.  
The wind was roaring loud,  
The sun was sinking red,  
As the Night spread her pallid shroud  
Over the kingly dead !

One star was in the sky,  
One silent star alone,  
And it fell on many an eye,  
On many a brow it shone ;  
And many an eye was weeping,  
And many a brow was bare,  
For the Swedish king was keeping  
A warrior's last watch there !

And they bore him to his rest,  
As a soldier should be borne ;  
For a shroud, his bloody vest—  
The anthem, his battle horn !  
And where the battle blazed,  
Where fell the kingly slain,  
This rugged rock and cross were raised  
On Lutzen's sanguine plain.

'Tis this I now behold,  
In this dim solemn hour,  
But pale her lights the moon hath roll'd,  
A shadow 's o'er her bower.  
My spirit is alone,  
'Tis trembling like a reed,



As I gaze on the grey cross stone,  
The death-stone of the Swede !

'Tis a monument to thee  
Endurable as time,  
Thou brightest chief of chivalry,  
Thou man of mind sublime !  
For thy spirit swept through space,  
On the wing of Freedom led,  
First in the battle's ardent blaze,  
First of the free-born dead !

Who may tread upon this plain,  
Nor almost think are heard  
The chilly voices of the slain,  
When midnight winds are stirr'd ?

Who may gaze upon this cross,  
When the stars are throned on high,  
Nor mournfully lament the loss,  
That purchased victory ?

Come, bring your children here,  
Son of the freeborn sire ;  
And thou, child of the chain and tear,  
Gaze on this cross of fire :  
For the spell that is within,  
As ye bend before the shrine,  
Shall make your spirits soon begin  
To feel a pulse divine.

To the death-stone of the Swede  
Let your noble youth repair,

And, like the Carthaginian's deed,  
Their lips to freedom swear ;  
Her banners let them wave,  
Like sunlight, when unfurl'd,  
And draw from royal Sweden's grave  
A spell to rouse the world.

Yea, up to the Swedish stone,  
In the hour of day or night,  
It bears an everlasting tone,  
And fires to freedom's fight.  
To the shrine of the adored,  
Yourselves and children lead,  
That ye may all whet Freedom's sword  
On the death-stone of the Swede !

## THE FIRST-BORN.

TO FANNY.

FANNY ! there 's bliss within thine heart,

And rapture burns upon thy brow,

And smiles from off thy lips depart,

All sunny as the first spring glow

Of love our youthful passions know.

Fanny ! thine is no earthly joy,

When thou dost bend thee down below,

To kiss thy first-born boy.

The music of thy soul is deep  
In such a holy hour as this,  
As to seraphin when they steep  
Their senses in celestial bliss,  
And sing their sacred songs of peace—  
Ah ! sweets like thine can never cloy ;  
They 're rified by a mother's kiss,  
From her own first-born boy.

Cradled within thy anxious sight,  
Methinks I see thy infant child,  
To thee as any starbeam bright,  
As beautiful and undefiled—  
Its lips, ere this, which oft have smiled,  
And budded forth their rosy joy,  
Have many an hour of thine beguiled,  
Over thy first-born boy.

Child ! who may tell in that bright hour,  
When thou didst hail thy primal day,  
Unfolding like the primrose flower  
That woos with sweets the sunny ray ;  
Ah ! who may tell how bless'd the sway  
Of love came o'er thy mother's joy !  
Earth, heaven, all things might pass away,  
Not thou, her first-born boy.

She thinks of all thy winning ways,  
Thy brow of bliss, thine eye of glee,  
And fondly as her heart surveys,  
A father's image there may see—  
“ For thine and his sake I kiss thee,”  
She cries, “ my own—my own love toy ;  
Look with thy father's eyes on me,  
My first, my first-born boy.”

“ Unfold thy lips of love, that I  
    May riot on the richness there ;  
They make me think thy father’s nigh,  
    With me a mother’s bliss to share :  
Shower on me many a starlight glance,  
    All Iris-arch’d, and beaming full  
Of hopes that gladden and entrance,  
    Visions unearthly beautiful.  
Sweet infant ! thou shalt ever lull  
    My fears, my sorrows all destroy ;  
Be thou in love but bountiful,  
    My own, my first-born boy.”

Yes, Fanny ! bliss indeed is thine,  
    Bliss unalloy’d by aught of earth,  
Unsullied as the vesper shrine  
    Of yon bright star’s immortal birth,



The star of love ! that's giving forth  
A radiance man can not destroy ;  
For there is nought of equal worth  
With love's own first-born boy.

I, too, had one ; but he is gone,  
Gone like a morning beam away,  
And now before th' Eternal One  
He burns an everlasting ray.  
His cherub-wings before me play,  
Floating in lustre—ah ! thou joy,  
Far from my presence swept away,  
My own, my first-born boy.

Tis well ! the world can never dim  
Thy glorious brow of life and light,



Thou soar'st among the seraphim,  
Stainless and pure, for ever bright ;  
And from the blest empyrean height,  
Upon thy father smilest in joy ;  
God lift me to my cherub's sight,  
My own, my first-born boy.

## THE LIGHT OF THE DEAD.

THERE'S beauty in the flowers that blow,

There's fragrance in the flowers that die,

The one is in their summer glow,

The other in their parting sigh ;

So is there beauty on the brow

The living spirit giveth forth ;

So is there beauty when we know,

'Tis fading, faded from the earth ;

How tranquil are the hues that streak,  
Like twilight crimson o'er the sky,  
The pallidness of beauty's cheek,  
Autumnal-like that blooms to die !  
There is a spiritual power enthroned  
Upon the brow that death broods o'er,  
Shedding mysterious splendour round,  
Like one star on a desert shore.

Oft have I mark'd where stern decay,  
Despite of hope or love, still clings,  
Hovering like a bird of prey  
Upon its harpy, icy wings ;  
Yet could not damp the glow divine  
The spirit shed o'er all the form,  
The soul's unsullied, outward shrine,  
The iris that survives the storm.

Pure, proud, and solemnly it burns,  
The beacon of another clime,  
Lighting the spirit that e'er turns  
To heaven its earthless glance sublime.  
Of other worlds it is a ray,  
A light of other, other hours,  
Which, as the spirit ebbs away,  
Illumes it with celestial powers.

Where has this glorious flame its birth,  
That like a jewel burns on high,  
Till beams the fragile child of earth  
A star of immortality?  
Thou beauty of the flowers that blow,  
Thou fragrance of the flowers that die,  
Whence do your summer splendours flow,  
Whence springs your fragrant parting sigh?

Fresh from the fountains of the flower,  
Fresh from the fountains of the soul,  
Beauty and fragrance have their hour,  
And glory to the brow hath stole  
A light divine ; it is a flame  
By God unto the spirit given,  
As dies the body to proclaim  
The splendour it resumes in heaven !

This gentle radiance lingers still  
Upon the pallid brow when all  
Is o'er, and changeable and chill  
The body shrinks beneath the pall.  
Ah ! beautiful in death the glow,  
The lustre of the slight flush'd cheek,  
The moon-clad whiteness of the brow,  
The lips, the cold lips that now break

Their silence in a world above.

Yes ! there is beauty none but they  
Who die in placid peace and love  
Possess, an everlasting ray  
That lingers, lingers yet awhile,  
Though the plumed soul has joyous gone,  
To shed one other mournful smile,  
Ere the consuming blight comes on.

Stranger ! go gaze upon the dead,  
And thou shalt trace, and see, and feel  
The lustre that around is shed ;  
Swiftly to thee it will reveal  
A spell of other worlds, that tells  
How high exalted spirits soar,  
Whom Death, impartial Death, compels  
To seek the dark, the sunless shore !

The light that burns upon the brow,  
The smile that almost seems to speak,  
The half-closed eye's unearthly glow,  
The crimson of the crystal cheek ;  
These may'st thou see if thou wilt gaze,  
Nor turn aside from Death's stern tone ;  
For, Stranger ! swiftly fly thy days,  
And soon such light will be thy own :

## THE OCEAN.

I GAZE upon thy shore,  
Thou great tremendous deep,  
And listen to the roar  
Of thy dark surges' sweep,  
As they sweep across the rock  
In many a rushing shower,  
And writhe, and foam, and shout, and mock  
The very thunder's power!



Sound of the undying Sea,  
    Thou art a wond'rous thing !  
Power, might, and mystery,  
    Round and round thee cling.  
When only zephyrs sigh  
    How tranquil is thy sleep !  
And sparkling as an infant's eye,  
    Thy merry waters leap.

I love thy quiet tone,  
    That murmurs in my ear,  
When I am all alone,  
    And I have nought to fear.  
To me it whispers peace  
    Brought from a far off land,  
Where all our earthly sorrows cease,  
    Heal'd with a healing hand.

I love to sit me down  
    Upon some craggy steep,  
And gaze when not a frown  
    Is shadowing thy deep.  
I feel my bosom then  
    Become a part of thee ;  
Far from the common crowd of men,  
    A spirit of the Sea.

Dark treachery and hate,  
    Unkindness and deceit,  
Revenge that loves to wait,  
    And envy to retreat ;  
Pale anger's revelry,  
    Fierce malice, and what not,  
Are at the sight and sounds of thee  
    Forgiven and forgot.

The heart in such an hour  
Is like a lyre that tells,  
Woo'd by thy mysterious power,  
The deep majestic spells  
That murmur in thy wave,  
That voice along thy shore,  
And to the rock, the cliff, the cave,  
Their solemn dirges pour.

The silver-sanded bay,  
Where lies the crimson shell,  
The breaker's boiling spray,  
Where restless spirits dwell :  
The grey gull's cloudy flight  
On tempest-clothed wing,  
Bespeak thy majesty and might,  
Types of thy greatness bring.

Oh, ever-sounding Sea !

Power of a Power unseen,

Mightiest of immensity,

Eternity's dread screen :

Shouts from thy thousand waves,

Shouts from thy thunders riven,

Shouts from thy thousand coral caves,

Proclaim thee voice of Heaven !

The voice of Him who woke

The slumbers of the earth ;

Who to the darkness spoke

“Let there be light !” go forth,

Thou world within a world,

Thou—thou a lost world's tomb,

An earth was once tremendous hurl'd

Within thy boiling womb !

But shall it be again ?

A sign is in the sky ;

It gems the rolling main,

With arching zone on high :

Half on the sky it flings

Its semicircling span,

And showers from off its rainbow wings

Hope down on earth and man.

Perchance, beneath the wave

One searching eye beholds

That lost world's fearful grave

Within the dark sea folds.

Perchance the sounds we hear,

When breezes softly blow,

Are from this gloomy watery bier

Of anguish and of woe !

Ah who can say beneath  
Thy depths of dismal stain,  
Is not the House of Death,  
The progeny of Cain ?  
And when the whirlwinds rise,  
And when the thunders burst,  
Who knows but what they 're shrieks and sighs  
From th' dwellings of th' accurst ?

I love thee, sounding Sea !  
Though the dead within thee sleep ;  
And love to look on thee,  
When hell-storms o'er thee sweep,  
And thy waves rush to dim  
The stars, those gems above,  
Haunts of the holy Seraphim,  
And diamond bowers of Love ;

I love the gathering cloud  
That broods upon thy brow ;  
The whirlwinds, fierce and loud,  
That make thy waters bow,  
Then hurl defiance forth,  
Like giant when he raves,  
And foaming fling, 'tween heaven and earth,  
Their progeny of waves.

I love to watch the moon,  
Like phantom, hurry by,  
With pale cheek and cloudy shoon,  
And red and frozen eye,  
Flinging by fits one ray  
Of startled splendour down,  
Then reel above the storm away,  
With dark and shuddering frown.

Thy roar then fills the heart

With strength that's not its own,

And makes it feel a part

And portion of thy tone :

Unearthly, yet of earth ;

Immortal, yet of man ;

A fiery supernatural mirth,

That spurns its clay-cold span.

Thy boil and thy turmoil,

Thy roar, thy revelry,

Thy hellish din and hecate smile,

Give joy and bliss to me.

Throne of a thousand winds,

That shout from cloud to cloud,

Thou 'rt dear to all impassion'd minds,

They love thy voicings loud !



Thou fathomless abyss,  
For ever rolling on,  
Defying Time's stern mysteries,  
All powerful though but one !  
One huge, majestic, vast,  
And massy thing of power,  
The only record of the past  
That spurns the passing hour !

God gave the potent word,  
Thou started into life,  
Thy welling waters roar'd  
With might tremendous rife.  
The Mighty gazed again  
Upon thy boiling flood ;  
He stretch'd His vastness o'er the main,  
And saw that it was good.

The great sun looks on thee,  
On all thy thousand streams,  
Gives, in his immensity,  
The homage of his beams.  
The silver girdled moon,  
That wanders forth at night,  
Prepares, ere scarce the day is done,  
For thee her virgin light.

The stars, like clustering bees,  
Swarm round her as she glides,  
Handmaids of her mysteries,  
They sparkle on thy tides.  
What eye can then survey  
Thy jewell'd water's roll,  
Nor own the majesty, the sway  
That presses on his soul ?

Thou cloud-creating Sea !  
My every pulse is thine ;  
With awe I gaze on thee  
And bend before thy shrine.  
O shrine of winds and waves,  
Of tempest and despair ;  
Shrine of a hundred thousand graves,  
I give to thee this prayer.

“ When life is fading fast,  
And the spirit longs to flee  
May that spirit breathe its last  
Beside the sounding Sea.  
And when that spirit's gone  
From earth, O may it still  
Be hov'ring o'er this spray-beat stone,  
Upon this spray-beat hill ;

“ And listen to thy roar,  
And gaze upon thy might,  
And o’er thy waters soar,  
When storms are at their height ;  
The thunder for my cloak,  
The lightning for my wing,  
To make the rushing whirlwinds smoke,  
As through them I might spring !”

Fountain of waters dark  
To thee a long farewell ;  
My spirit would, like a bark,  
For aye upon thee dwell.  
Time points with silent hand  
To other scenes that woo ;  
Then farewell to thy foaming strand,  
Oh, sounding Sea, adieu !



## MY NATIVE HOME.

I 'VE wander'd far and wide from thee,

Shrine of my early infant years,

Sail'd o'er the rude, the stormy sea,

And trod the lands where Nature wears

A beauty which the soul endears ;

But wheresoe'er my steps might roam,

Have I not thought on thee with tears,

My own, my Native Home ?

I have, I have ; and many an hour,  
When sultry suns have o'er me shone,  
I've felt thee with a voice of power,  
Ring through my heart with cherish'd tone,  
Which told me I was not alone ;  
This thought of thee would ever come,  
A rainbow hope to lead me on  
To thee, my Native Home.

Once, once again, to thee I bend,  
A whirlwind bore me o'er the sea,  
I hail thee as an ancient friend,  
And kneel, and weep, and worship thee—  
Thou cradle of my infancy !  
My sorrows cease, I cease to roam,  
Shall I again e'er part from thee ?  
Never, my Native Home !

Here grew in beauty, by my side,  
Two sisters, like twin beams of light ;  
One left us, joyous, to preside  
Within her Heavenly Father's sight.  
I see her in yon star of night,  
That fondly gems the sapphire dome,  
Eternally, divinely bright,  
Over my Native Home.

Oh look thee down from thy sweet sphere,  
Where, shrined, thy spirit shines on earth,  
On him who bless'd, who loved thee here ;  
We were of one dead father's hearth,  
One cherish'd dwelling gave us birth—  
Thy woes I knew, and soon had come  
And heal'd them with some words of worth,  
In our dear Native Home.

Maria, thou 'rt gone ! no more, no more  
    These longing eyes thy form shall see ;  
Yon star, whose rays are hov'ring o'er,  
    Is all that I can see of thee ;  
For thou art imaged there to me—  
    And every eve, when night-stars come,  
I gaze upon thy brilliancy,  
    Over our Native Home.

Here, too—here first, beloved scene,  
    Where like a summer-bird I flew,  
Through many a fragrant flowery screen,  
    My Eva met my shrinking view,  
And love, first speechless love I knew.  
    Oh ! then, how sweet it was to roam  
With her where the red roses grew,  
    Of thine, my Native Home :



For her I pluck'd the scented flower,  
For her the fruit of golden rind,  
For her I wreathed the vernal bower,  
Which she with simple taste design'd.  
With love, with love we both were blind ;  
Her brow to me was love's bright tome,  
Her lip, the index of her mind  
In this my Native Home.

Yet ah ! at last, at last we parted,  
We pledged our troths in sight of Heaven ;  
I left her pale and broken-hearted,  
And soon to foreign shores was driven,  
With heart with misery almost riven,  
Where some few ling'ring years I roam ;  
And then—oh then, I clasp'd her, even  
In thee, my Native Home !

And we will never part again,  
    Dear sacred, purest scene of peace ;  
Bliss walks the weary paths of pain,  
    And never, never more will cease.  
One infant offspring round our knees,  
    Tokens unceasing love to come :  
Oh ! who would leave, 'midst joys like these,  
    His own, his Native Home !

Kind looks, kind words, kind acts are here,  
    And old familiar scenes arise,  
Old friends, old faces too appear,  
    And summer-smiles, and summer-eyes,  
Rain blessings bright as Paradise :  
    No—never, never more I 'll roam,  
From thee, the lithesome swallow flies—  
    Not I, my Native Home !

## MYRRHA.

BLESS'D was the hour, when first I view'd,  
Beside the Rheidol's silver flood,  
The eye of Myrrha fix'd on me,  
With passionate tranquillity.

I gazed upon that eye ; 'twas bright  
As starlight on a summer's night ;  
So soft, and yet so brilliant too,  
It sparkled through its shrine of blue.

Her forehead it was high and pale ;  
Her golden ringlets swept the gale ;  
The ruby and the pearl so meek,  
Blended upon her glowing cheek.

Brightly from earth her figure rose,  
Like a sweet moon-clad flower's repose ;  
Yet stately as a pine she stood,  
Beside the Rheidol's silver flood.

Methought she never look'd so bright  
To me as on this blessed night,  
When on her lips I press'd my own,  
And felt her heart's responsive tone.

And whisper'd words as softly sweet,  
As sighs of rose-winds when they meet ;

How blush'd her cheek, like rosy wine,  
To the fond mutter'd prayer—" Be mine !"

We met and parted, never more  
To meet upon the Rheidol's shore ;  
In a few hours from earthly jars,  
She fled and mingled with the stars.

Yet often I beside that stream  
Wander, and watch the Evening beam ;  
On memory's dusky twilight line .  
Trace her pale form and brow divine.

River that still art rolling on,  
Receive my earthly benison,  
For I was happy once beside  
Thy silver waves and silent tide.

## SANCTE SPIRITUS.

WHEN the busy day is done,  
And upon his couch the sun  
Rests, his course of glory run,  
“ Sancte Spiritus !” be with me.

When the twilight shadow falls  
O'er the humming waterfalls,  
And zephyr unto zephyr calls,  
“ Sancte Spiritus !” be with me.

When the vesper murmurs come  
Through the leaf, and from the tomb,  
From the sunset's crimson gloom,  
“ Sancte Spiritus !” be with me.

When the moon is roaming high,  
Like a seraph through the sky,  
And the one white cloud floats by,  
“ Sancte Spiritus !” be with me.

When the stars, those jewels rare,  
Fill with diamond-lights the air,  
And comes on the hour of prayer,  
“ Sancte Spiritus !” be with me.

Then when knees are truly bent,  
And the hands are clasp'd intent,  
And the voice to Heaven is sent,  
“ Sancte Spiritus !” be with me.

## TO MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

SISTER that wert—blest spirit now that art,  
    Hovering in sacred scenes and holy bowers,  
Fondly I hold thy memory in my heart,  
    Through the deep stillness of the evening hours ;  
For silence, with seal'd lip and half-closed eye,  
    Comes, like a zephyr, o'er a summer sea,  
Mantling my spirit with thy imagery,  
    Leading my thoughts from earth, to heaven and  
    thee !



Beloved and beautiful ! pale memory turns  
To the dim twilight of departed years,  
And with unstain'd and guileless feeling mourns  
Thy fate with deep and reverential tears.  
Ah ! couldst thou in thy plenitude of bliss,  
In cloudless lustre look on me below,  
This world—Oh ! I would almost fancy this,  
Had charms to soothe—to mitigate my woe.

Beloved and beautiful ! unburied thought  
Ransacks my soul as ruffians do the grave,  
And sternly dark undying grief hath wrought  
A phantom, that it dares not even brave.  
Yet think not, that in horrible array,  
In dreams and darkness only thou dost come ;  
Beatified ! I ever feel thy sway  
Steal like a night-star through my mental gloom.

Oft in the wilderness of thought, I deem

I see thee in the solitude of night,

Girdled with glory like a sunset beam,

Bright'ning the dewy dimness of my sight.

And oh ! thou look'st as thou wert wont to look,

Radiant with summer smiles, and with a brow

Placid as moonlight, that I cannot brook,

Tearless, its tranquil gaze and sacred glow.

Oft do I think how joyously we stray'd

Through purple vales, by many a river's side,

Watching by turns the sun and cloud invade

Its ever flowing, ever rippling tide.

How merrily we bounded through the dell,

Through the great forest, wood, and haunted grove,

Seeking the shrines where fay and fairy dwell,

With spirits free as are the winds above !

Oh how we loved, in the calm vesper hours,  
When the high heavens were peopled with fair stars,  
And the pale dew was weeping o'er the flowers,  
To contemplate the glories eve unbars.  
Perchance we'd gaze on one pure thing of light  
Flashing quick splendour through its jewell'd eye,  
E'en brightest amidst hosts where all were bright,  
Wishing for wings that we might thither fly.

Ah foolish wish ! that which we deem'd a thought,  
And ardent feeling of the youthful brain,  
Came almost at the moment it was sought,  
To sever hearts earth could not join again.  
And now I never look upon the mass  
Of starry glory that arrays the Even,  
But what with countless sighs I think, alas !  
On thee, my Sister, who art gone to Heaven !

Ah me ! how dark the retrospect ; yet still

'Tis dear though bitter to my troubled soul,

I would not on the past were placed a seal,

Or that oblivion's waves should o'er me roll :

I love to cultivate thy imaged form,

Thy hopes, thy tears, thy winning ways retrace ;

Thy smiles, thy tears, all have for me a charm,

A memory, time will never more erase.

Sweet Sister !—spirit ! if those sinless years,

Those tranquil hours by thee remember'd are,

Be thou an Iris o'er my ceaseless tears,

My flower, my fairy, and my evening star.

Oh by the memory of our father's hearth,

If still remembrance unto thee be given,

Be thou my guardian angel upon earth,

And bear my spirit on thy wings to Heaven !

## ALHANDILLA.\*

ALHANDILLA !—Tempests sweep  
O'er the dark tremendous deep,  
Whirlwinds hurry through the sky,  
And the winged lightnings fly,  
Heralds of the thundering God,  
Shouting from his pale abode :  
Mountains echo back the sounds,  
Vale to valley swift resounds,  
Foaming torrents, plunging on,  
Bear afar the mighty tone ;

\* Tartar for “ God be praised !”

Shout all sounds by tempests raised,  
“ Alhandilla !”—God be praised !

Ocean with its giant roar,  
Rolling to the rugged shore ;  
Breezes in their calmest mood,  
Sweetest sounds of solitude ;  
Murmurs from the setting sun,  
Just as twilight has begun,  
And the dews essay to swim,  
With the night-bird's vesper-hymn,  
And those solemn tones arise,  
Dreamlike, 'neath the crimson skies,  
Are alike exultant raised—  
“ Alhandilla !”—God be praised !

All the mystic sounds we hear,  
When the evening hours appear,  
And the virgin-moon ascends,  
'Midst her troops of starry friends ;  
Sighs from many a dewy flower,  
Sounds from many a wood and bower,  
Tones that strike the hurried heart,  
Making us unconscious start,  
Are alike exultant raised—  
“ Alhandilla ! ”—God be praised !

God be praised !—Thou rolling light,  
Sovereign of the ambient night :  
Ye stars ! each a seraph's shrine,  
Why thus shed your rays divine ?

Oh ! they are but streams of sound,  
Welling like bright fountains round ;  
Hymns to Him rejoicing sent,  
Who placed them in the firmament ;  
Then, since things of Heaven and Earth,  
Praise the Lord who gave them birth,  
Let the voice of man be raised,—  
“ Alhandilla ! ”—God be praised !

Livid lips of faltering age,  
Wearing out life's pilgrimage ;  
Lips of Him of stronger power,  
Ere ascends your zenith hour ;  
Lips of youth ! whose brows are bright  
As the morning's premial light ;



Childhood ! a first quarter-moon,  
Ere those cherish'd hours are gone ;  
Turn, oh, turn ye, whilst ye may,  
All your practised lips to pray ;  
Let your voices loud be raised—  
“ Alhandilla ! ”—God be praised !

## A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN WRIGHT JUN. ESQ. OF LENTON  
ABBAY, IN THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM, WHO DIED AT  
FLORENCE, AFTER A LINGERING ILLNESS, AND WAS  
BURIED AT LENTON, JUNE 1828.



## A MONODY.

---

“ WITHIN this silent shrine of holy ground,  
A suffering son terrestrial peace has found ;  
Long years of pain with Christian patience borne,  
Long years of absence from his parents torn,  
Gave to his thoughts Eternity, and gave  
A foreign death-bed but a British grave !”

Departed Spirit ! in those sacred bowers  
Where now thou contemplat'st the eternal hours  
Rolling from out their golden urns of light,  
Day never ceasing, and for ever bright,—

Oh, in thy glorious aspirations, there  
Dost thou with heavenly, earthly feelings share ?  
Canst thou with pitying eye from yonder sphere  
Behold thy mother's half heart-broken tear ?  
The same fond tear that flow'd when thou wert born,  
Now daily flowing o'er thy pallid urn.  
Canst thou behold, with seraph power imbued,  
A father's bosom grief-struck and subdued ?  
Look'st thou through yon sapphire shrine on high,  
To watch thy brothers, sisters weeping by ?  
Oh, if thou dost—and seraph too may know  
In climes celestial sympathetic woe—  
Then will thy spirit sigh, thy essence mourn,  
For those now weeping o'er thy honour'd urn ;  
Sigh, for the pain in dying thou didst give,  
Joy, for the joy thou gavest while thou didst live,

And hovering o'er, serenely smile on all,  
Who loved the living, and lament thy fall.

In other years, when young affections sprung,  
Swell'd in thy heart, and trembled on thy tongue,  
How wouldst thou turn thy fair and youthful brow,  
Beaming with love, on those who mourn thee now.  
Youth's vernal Iris o'er thee then was rear'd,—  
Alas! how soon its beauties disappear'd.  
Hope is no more, or, if it still doth bloom,  
'Tis as the lonely wild flower of the tomb—  
A pale, pale, hectic thing, of which 'tis said,  
It blooms the brighter nearer to the dead!

Oh, when an infant dies, and its young heart  
Ceases to act of mimic man the part,



Few griefs are felt,—few tears are ever shed  
O'er the green verdure of the early dead ;—  
For as a flower that in the Spring is lost,  
It 'scapes from Summer's heat and Winter's hostile frost.  
But when the glorious form of man expires,  
Ripe with warm hopes, and fill'd with chaste desires ;  
With God's full sunshine burning on his brow,  
With vigorous limb and intellectual glow ;  
With hand outstretch'd to clasp each beauteous thing  
Of youth's creation—hope's imagining ;—  
In such an hour, when man is snatch'd away  
From all the glories of the ascending day,  
We mourn, and ay, must mourn the fate of such,  
Knowing the world too little or too much.  
And thus, lamented shade, thy fate we mourn  
Cut off too early in thy manhood's morn,

When intellect triumphant led thee on,  
And artless pleasure in thy footsteps shone ;  
When, with a parent's hopes, thy youthful breast  
Delighted heaved with ardent love imprest,  
And all that sinless innocence affords,  
Play'd in thy smiles, and murmur'd in thy words.—  
Where are the charms of friendship ? where the token  
Of truth increasing, and of faith unbroken ?  
Where is the heart that virtue loved so well ?  
Where are the lips where honour joy'd to dwell ?  
Where is the eye with beauteous lustre bright,  
Filling all things it look'd upon with light ?  
Where is the voice with generous fervour warm,  
The eloquence that never ceased to charm ?  
And where art thou ? Hark ! “ to a sire's despair,  
A mother's grief,” an echo answers, “ Where !”





And who is she, with wild and hurried eye,  
Whose struggling bosom strives in vain to sigh ;  
Whose heart is frozen with unburied woe,  
Whose founts are seal'd with tears that cannot flow ;  
Whose brow's as pallid as the twilight line,  
Whose lips are cold as the departed's shrine :—  
Oh ! who is she, and that frail thing that's prest,  
With frantic impulse, to her frigid breast ?—  
The lonely *widow*, in her rifled bower,  
Another Niobe, clasps her infant flower ;  
Her heart is marble, and her lips are stone,  
Her babe the only thing that grief has left alone !  
Where art *thou* gone ? to sleep th' eternal sleep,  
Or on the winds 'twixt heaven and earth to sweep ?  
Will thy young spirit haunt the stars of night,  
felt in the moon, or planets robe with light ?

Roam'st thou through space, from distant sphere to  
sphere,

Resolving mysteries man strives vainly here ?

Or on the clouds of morn, with golden wing,

God's cherish'd herald gladly wilt thou spring,

Arching the Iris, leading on the day,

Or spreading holy evening's pensive ray ?—

Ah ! happy spirit ! whether thou dost glide,

A guardian angel by thy mother's side,

Her sighs receiving and her falling tears,

Or to Heaven fleeth with her hourly prayers ;—

Or by thy child, and her who gave it birth,

Leadest their desolation through this earth ;—

Where'er thou be'st, or whatsoe'er thou art,

Thou'rt shrined in Friendship's, Honour's, Virtue's  
heart ;

And wounded memory, in her painful flight,  
Will shed a tear whene'er she mentions *Wright* !

The world moves on ;—the giddy, reckless crowd  
Bask in the sunshine, laugh the laughter loud—  
They dance, they sing, they lift the cup on high,  
Say a few hasty prayers, and then they die !  
They die forgotten—useless from their birth,  
Made, like their fellows, to make future earth ;  
Unloved while living, and unwept when dead,  
Woo'd by the worm on which alone 'tis fed.—  
Not so when Virtue dies ; all good men weep,  
And envy it its temporary sleep ;  
Love it while living, mourn when 'tis resign'd,  
And seek for solace in what's left behind.

But who am I, who thus intrusive dare,  
Essay to heal a parent's, friend's despair ;  
Who, with weak words, but not with weak design,  
Weave the fond tribute and the humble line ?  
It matters not : and prying eyes may scan  
Vainly with curious gaze the hidden man,  
Who, scorning many, and, perhaps scorn'd, still feels  
The wound that oft'ner far consumes than heals ;  
Who, though a stranger, would, with words as true,  
As the more favour'd, not more feeling few,  
Soothe those who suffer, and must suffer long,  
With this true tribute of a stranger's song.—  
Stranger's ! that word all flattery precludes,  
False friendship's sorrow, that not long deludes ;  
Precludes the mawkish, sentimental tear,  
And the dissembler puling o'er his bier ;



The sigh of hypocrites, whose interest wrings  
From a cold shrine the folly that it flings;  
All art precludes, except that noble one—  
To weep for virtue when such virtue's gone ;—  
Such right claim I, and with a proud man's scorn,  
I answer those who wonder why I mourn :  
If they can weep not, let them not condemn ;  
I'll undertake my muse ne'er weeps for them.—  
Silence, invidious hearts ! I want not ye  
To rail at or to ratify my monody !—  
Thus much we learn ; if stranger lips confess  
His virtuous worth, and honoured uprightness,  
How few can cavil, nor lament like me,  
That one so cherish'd should so cease to be !

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## NOTES.

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### SAPPHO.

Page 79.

*"And there the ruins of thy temple lay."*—p. 80.

SIR WILLIAM GELL, in his work on the Geography and Antiquities of Thrace, says of the Leucadian promontory, so celebrated for the leap of Sappho and the death of Artemesia, "The rock, which declines gradually into the sea on the south, presents a white and perpendicular cliff toward the north, of considerable elevation. There are the ruins of a temple on the summit of one of the eminences here seen, consisting, however, at present, of nothing more than the foundation, and a few squared stones of large dimensions. Not far from it is a platform cut in the rock, still on the verge of the precipice, and in a more lofty point. From its figure, it is not improbable that a circular edifice might have once occupied the spot. The inhabitants imagine that the Altar of Apollo once stood where a few stones are now piled together in honour of a Christian saint, and a

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small vase, of the form and size of a pear, was presented to me in Leucadia, as having been found on the spot."—So far Sir William. Whether a temple ever existed or otherwise, is of no importance; it is sufficient for the purposes of poetry that such has been the supposition: there is often as much or more beauty to be gathered from fiction than from fact, for a license is granted to the former which is not to the latter.

### ROSAMOND GRAY.

#### Page 95.

The idea of this tale was taken from the beautiful prose one of Charles Lamb's, to which I beg leave to refer my readers. In that tale there is more real pathos, beauty, and simplicity, than is to be found in most of the more pretending and elaborate productions of the day; it is a sweet, modest, and delicious nosegay, compared with the majority of those that are hourly offered to us, attracting the eye for a moment, but seldom or ever affecting the heart. I think it necessary to observe, that in my own very humble and brief production, I have not followed a line of the Archetype; mine is a mere bare sketch of the character of Rosamond Gray, and of her fate. It would have been presumptuous in me to have attempted striking the true chord, without possessing the master-hand of the original.

### MIRIAM.

#### Page 162.

It is some time since this tale was written, and I almost forget from what source it is derived, but I rather think it is from the

"Story of a Life." The same observation will apply to this, as to Rosamond Gray; I have borrowed the mere outline, and, I believe, also the name of the female.

### THE BURIAL OF BYRON.

Page 229.

Vide Parry's "Last Days of Lord Byron," p. 145.

### GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

Page 250.

"A continued plain extends from Weissenfels to Leipzig. At Lutzen the road runs through the field on which Gustavus and Wallenstein, each of them as yet unconquered, brought their skill and prowess to the trial against each other, for the first, the last, the only time: close by the road is the spot where Gustavus fell, under repeated wounds, buried beneath a heap of dead, piled above his corpse in the dreadful conflict which took place for his dead body. A number of unhewn stones, set horizontally in the earth, in the form of a cross, mark the spot. On one of them is rudely carved, in German, '*Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, fell here for liberty of conscience.*' A shapeless mass that rises from the centre of the cross, and since that day has been called 'The Stone of the Swede!' bears merely the initials of the monarch's name. Though in a field, and close upon the road, neither plough nor wheel has been allowed to profane the spot."—*Tour in Germany, &c. by John Russell, Esq.*



## A MONODY.

Page 307.

<sup>1</sup> “ *Or gave his father grief but when he died.*”

POPE.

<sup>2</sup> “ *But who am I,*” &c.—Page 319.

I think it necessary to explain the apparent inconsistency of affecting to conceal a name which the title-page discloses: the fact is, the Monody was written soon after the death of the subject of it, and was intended to have been published anonymously, but the fear of intruding upon the grief of a family deterred me. Having, since then, been influenced to publish the present volume of Poems, I have taken the liberty of inserting the Monody as originally written; a sufficient period having elapsed to restore firmness to the judgments, though it may not have taken away sadness from the hearts, of the afflicted.

THE END.

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